

The Wish

by bulldog60

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Summary: Hiccup and his friends go in search of a dragon that can grant one wish. What his friends don't know is what Hiccup wants to wish for.

## 1. Chapter 1

### Chapter 1

Hiccup yawned as he woke from a deep sleep.

The tiles of roof would be coming down soon. That dragon of his decided to wake him up so early everyday for a flight.

"I'm up! I'm up!" he shouted. Hiccup turned himself in bed to allow his legs... er leg and stump rather to hang of the bed. Hiccup wasn't completely used to seeing his leg, or lack thereof, but it wasn't so bad anymore.

He put on prosthetic and tied it tight. He tested it on the ground and when he was confident that it was sturdy, he stood up walked over to where his helmet lay on the ground after he had carelessly taken it off the prior night.

He put on the helmet and headed out of his room. He could hear his father's snores rocking the house almost as much as Toothless had been by jumping up and down on the roof only a few minutes ago.

Hiccup stepped outside, careful to avoid any ice. Even the most weathered, frozen over, sturdy footed Viking could slip on the ice on Berk.

It didn't help that Hiccup was clumsy even before he lost his foot, but now with this metal prothstetic even a walk around his house in the winter was a risk in it's own right.

Toothless stood at the side of the house like he did most mornings waiting for Hiccup to come out so they could go flying.

" 'Morning, Toothless," came the tired but happy greeting from Hiccup.

Toothless responded with a soft crooning sound. All he could think about was getting in the sky.

Well Hiccup couldn't wait either so he wasted no more time and got right to putting on the saddle and Toothless' own prosthetic.

They were soon ready to go.

"Come on you over grown lizard!" Hiccup said jokingly. "Let's see what you can do!"

Toothless made sure he would get him back for that comment, joking or not, but right now he just leaped into the air in a vertical take off.

For the Night Fury, flight was as similar to him as breathing. After his time in that cove he thought he would never touch the clouds again, but now, thanks to this scrawny Viking atop him flight came- although he would never admit this to any of the other dragons- easier.

Hiccup and Toothless became one mind when flying. Hiccup's foot moved in the stirrup in the exact way that the dragon wanted to go without even specifying and Toothless flew towards wherever the human wanted to go without even having to be told.

They had an unbreakable connection.

Well as soon as they broke through the clouds, they started flipping and turning in the air, slicing through it effortlessly. Hiccup performed his favorite move with Toothless, the Free Fall, he called it.

Hiccup would jump off the back of his best friend and simply fall towards the Earth with Toothless falling right next to him. Before hitting the ground he would remount and Toothless would unfurl his wings and the amazing speed would start to slow and it would create a sound like no other as it knocked to snow from the trees.

After a good hour or two of flying they came down right in front of the forge.

"Good morning Gobber," Hiccup said as he entered the building.

"Mornin' Hiccup! How was the flyin'? The sky seems pretty calm today." Gobber replied with his usual enthusiasm.

"It was great!" Hiccup said. "I think Toothless is actually getting faster! Fishlegs will kick himself for getting the wrong speed in his notes. He'll probably correct it on the spot."

"Aye. So why are you hear anyway? You're not on duty."

"Yeah I know. But, I'm pretty close to finishing my new project. I think today could be the day its all done." Hiccup said confidently.

"You've been working at it since before the holiday. I'm sure its bound to be done soon. What is it you're working on anyway if I might ask?" Gobber inquired raising an eyebrow.

Hiccup raised his finger at his mentor and waved in a "Not just yet" manner.

"Its a surprise for my friends and no offense Gobber, you're not exactly the best at keeping secrets."

Gobber frowned but then laughed it off. "That I'm not boy! That I'm not." Gobber stopped laughing and went back to sharpening some massive battle axe.

Hiccup went to his own station in the forge and picked up some tools to go back into his private space in the back.

What he was working on were new weapons for his friends.

Vikings had been using the same weapons since the first generation of Berk. Hiccup felt it was time to improve them. While yes the war with the dragons was over Hiccup felt that someday they may need to fight again and so did all the other Vikings.

The weapons he was improving were the usual cutting/bludgeoning weapons that gave Vikings such a fearful reputation.

There was a club for Fishlegs, a war hammer for Snotlout, two matching spears for the Thorston twins and a battle axe for Astrid.

Astrid, Hiccup's crush since before he could hold a knife. Everything he was not and nothing that he was. Hiccup had a harder time believing that they were together than he had at the fact that he had lost his foot.

Although Astrid was never torturously mean to him like the other Viking children had been she wasn't exactly nice either. She ignored him as if he didn't deserve to draw the same breath as she did.

But Hiccup was no petty man. And although he had to train dragons, kill a dragon the size of an island and lose his foot just to earn their respect he had forgiven them all despite the fact that not one of them asked for his forgiveness.

He shook off the thought. No use dwelling on the past. You live in the present.

He personalized each weapon and after a whole month of testing and tweaking he was confident the weapons would be ready for tomorrow.

He was particularly proud of the weapon he had made for himself.

A few years ago Hiccup stumbled upon some designs for what the Romans called a crossbow. It was this design that had given him the idea for

the bola launcher he used to shoot down Toothless.

Their version was heavier and required more work to use than it should.

Hiccup made it lighter and easier to reload and fire. With an added touch for close quarters combat.

With the Roman version the butt of the crossbow was solid and together. What Hiccup did was he somewhat forked the end so that in between it, he placed a large knife-like single edged blade with a partially serrated edge. With the flip of a lever the blade would hinge out of between the forked butt and acted as a deadly tale for the crossbow.

Hiccup had proven he was a good shot the night of the final raid. He prayed to the gods it was not just a fluke.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

Hiccup had skipped breakfast and was beginning to feel the consequences.

His stomach growled at him like a Gronkle. It didn't help that his best friend sat in the corner of the forge eating some fish that sailor had dropped off because he had a surplus and still felt the Night Fury was a hero.

Which he was.

Gobber had left some time ago after he finished all of the sharpening and cleaning that needed to be done.

All that was left was Hiccup working on the final touches of Astrid's battle axe.

There was a voice in the front of the forge.

"Hiccup? You here?" came Astrid's voice.

"Yeah! Be right there!" he called back. He quickly hid the weapons under a tarp.

Hiccup emerged from his... office you could call it and greeted Astrid as awkwardly as ever.

"H-hey Astrid. What are you doing here?" he asked as nonchalantly as he could muster.

"Well you weren't at the Hall for breakfast and then I flew around and didn't see you anywhere in the sky, so I got... a little worried." The last part was mumbled under her breath.

"I'm sorry, what was that?" Hiccup said, feigning that he didn't hear it.

"I said... 'I was a little worried'" Less mumbled this time but

Hiccup couldn't help himself.

"One more time please."

"I was worried! Okay?" Astrid said incredulously. She promptly hit him in the arm.

"Ow!"

Before he could complain further she kissed him.

"That's for making me say it." Astrid said.

"Eh. Worth it." Hiccup replied.

"So what is it you skipped breakfast for anyway?" Astrid asked looking around. "You don't even have forge duty today."

"Well you know me," he answered "just wanted to get some extra work in."

She didn't believe him but she didn't push the issue.

"Can I help out?" She asked.

"How 'bout you stick to swinging axes and I'll stick to keeping them sharp? I don't need some rookie breaking all these finely tuned weapons." He answered jokingly.

Astrid, despite herself, smiled. She couldn't help it. Hiccup had a way of making her laugh like no one else on this island.

"Well, I'm gonna go shopping for a new bandanna with Ruff. Make sure you come to the Great Hall tonight for dinner."

Hiccup gave a questioning look.

Astrid noticed it. "Tuffnut has ale duty tonight."

Hiccup smiled.

There weren't a lot of morals on Berk but one of them was that teens should not be getting drunk. While no one did much if it happened it was still really hard to get your hands on ale or mead.

"Alright. I'll be there." Hiccup said.

"Okay, see you there." She kissed him on the cheek as she left.

Hiccup thanked the gods that she didn't go into his office.

After a month of hard work, he would finally be able to give these new and improved weapons to his friends.

He was really excited.

Later that night

"Where have you been all day?" Tuffnut asked.

"At the forge." Hiccup answered.

"You don't even have forge duty today," Ruffnut stated.

"Okay, how do people know my work schedule so well? I mean come on its getting annoying."

"Well, sorry for showing some concern," Snotlout said sarcastically.

Hiccup shot him a look. Not an angry one, more of a confused one.

"So what \_were\_ you doing there anyway?" the larger teen asked.

"You know just some work." Came the reply.

"Well as much as I would love to hear about your day Hiccup I have ale to pour," Tuffnut said giving a sly smile to everyone at the table.

Everyone returned it except Fishlegs who just looked really nervous.

Hiccup was going to call him on it, but he knew how it felt to be singled out and he wouldn't be the one to do it to another.

Dinner had gone well. Hiccup ate like he hadn't in days. It certainly felt like he hadn't. He seemed a little anxious to the others. But nothing came up about his latest project.

Finally dinner ended and most of the Vikings in the Hall were quite inebriated. So they didn't notice the fact that one of the barrels of ale had mysteriously disappeared.

Hiccup and the others met Tuffnut at his house where he had snuck the barrel to.

After dinner the adults would usually stay behind at the Hall and fill their own drinks many times over.

Leaving the teens to do as they please.

They arrived at the Thorston home. Tuffnut already had placed the barrel on top of a table had brought outside. The plan:

Fill cup.

Drink cup.

Enjoy self.

Simple, no?

Well it was. The Vikings all poured themselves cups of the gold liquid and got ready to drink.

"Wait!" Came the protest from Fishlegs. "Maybe this isn't such a good idea."

The Vikings weren't exactly surprised by Fishlegs' opposition to this plan but they didn't expect him to speak up.

"Oh for the love of... you're kidding right?" Snotlout said. "I mean come on you've never snuck your parents drinks before? Stolen some mead or something?"

Fishlegs shook his large head.

"You're pathetic."

"Now hold on Snot," Hiccup said in Fishlegs' defense. "If he doesn't want to drink then he doesn't have to and that does not make him any less of a Viking."

Snotlout was going to protest but realized the connection Hiccup had to the situation and quickly stopped any argument he was going to make.

"Fine," Snotlout said with smug happiness. "More for me." He claimed Fishlegs' cup.

Hiccup couldn't help but smile. Although he had been spending more and more time with his new friends there was still a lot they didn't know about him. Tonight, they'd learn a little more.

The Vikings raised their cups in a toast and began to drink.

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Chapter 3

It only took a few cups for the young Vikings to become drunk.

Fishlegs just sat there uncomfortably but he still seemed like he was having fun.

A few more drinks of the ale left the Vikings slurring their speech and stumbling.

All except one.

Hiccup sat there laughing like the others but his speech remained steady and his walking was without a hitch.

Or at least as without a hitch as his walking could get.

Astridâ€"herself already quite besottedâ€"realized this.

"Why aren't you...d-drunk yet?" she inquired.

Hiccup smiled. He was going to enjoy this night thoroughly.

"It was one of those Viking things I was good at," Hiccup replied.

This gained everyone's attention. Hiccup? Good at anything Viking? This could not be.

"My father always said: 'There has to be something you're good at.'" Hiccup said imitating his father. "Well my father walked in on my trying a cup of his mead when I was younger, about seven I think. And he was going to teach me a lesson.

"So he made me finish the cup and then have another and another. He soon realized it wasn't making me as drunk as a seven year old should be after so much mead.

"My father came to a conclusion." The others looked with glazed but intent eyes. "That my one Viking skill was drinking. It doesn't have the same effect on me as it does on other people."

"So you're telling me," Snotlout said, "That you," he pointed with his finger towards Hiccup. "Can out drink me?" he then pointed to himself. His finger was probably supposed to land somewhere on his chest but instead it landed on the bottom of his neck.

"Yes," Hiccup said simply.

"Well I'd like to see that!" Snotlout said with arrogance.

"Me too!" Tuffnut said in support of his friend.

"Well its not gonna happen tonight." Everyone looked toward Ruffnut, "We're all out." She reported sadly.

"Man I'm not even feeling it," Snotlout proclaimed as he hiccuped.

Hiccup rolled his eyes at the notion of him losing a drinking contest. He was confident he could out drink quite a few adults in Berk and that was saying something.

They decided that since there was nothing left to drink they would all go home the Thorstons obviously didn't have far to walk.

Lucky them.

Snotlout refused any help as he made his way home. Hiccup honestly worried for his cousin. This was not the weather to fall asleep in.

Fishlegs was still sober so he was fine.

Astrid on the other hand couldn't handle her alcohol very well. Not that the others were much better.

So Hiccup did the one thing he could

"Need help getting home?" he asked Astrid.

"Nooooooooo! I'm fine!" she spurted out.

She was not.

"Come on." Hiccup said forcefully. "Consider it thanks for all the



times you helped me to my house when I was still getting used to this." He pointed at his foot.

She mulled over and finally shrugged her shoulders reluctantly. To let anyone help her was a foreign to her, but hey, it was Hiccup.

There were only a few stumbles on the way to the Hofferson house.

Each time Hiccup caught her.

Astrid never laughed at her mistakes but now she couldn't help but laugh hysterically every time she tripped. Hiccup laughed too. Seeing this side of Astrid was something strange, but not in a bad way.

For the life of him he didn't know why she would let him see her like this.

Finally they reached her house. Stormfly looked suspiciously as they approached the front door.

"Easy there Stormfly," Hiccup said calming the dragon, "Astrid just needed some help home,"

"I... did not! I just let you help me!" Astrid exclaimed in defense of her pride.

Hiccup let it go. He helped her through the door but then realized something. He had never been inside Astrid's house before.

The place wasn't as big as Hiccup's but it was cozy. There were obvious signs that mantles once hung from the walls.

Heads or other body parts of dragons no doubt but out of respect for the new truce Mr. Hofferson must have taken them down.

It made Hiccup sick.

Hiccup furled his brow. "Where is your room?" he asked.

"Upstairs. Why?" Astrid replied.

Hiccup mentally kicked himself. With his right foot of course. He had gone this far, he couldn't let her try and brave the steps alone.

"Come on," he sighed "Let's get you in your room,"

"I'm perfectly cap...able of getting up," she hiccupped. "My own stairs."

She broke from Hiccup went right to the staircase, took one slow step up and stumbled backwards. Hiccup caught her.

They stood there for what felt like hours, but was in reality about five seconds. She broke the silence. "Hi," she said awkwardly.

Hiccup shook his head "Ugh. Are you going to let me help you

now?"

"Yeahhhh," she dragged on the one word in a sigh.

Hiccup placed his arm around her waist and her arm over his shoulder and helped her up the stairs.

They reached her room.

He pushed open the door and almost carried her to the bed. He laid her down on her bed and pulled the covers over her.

Astrid was already pretty sleepy and she gave a powerful yawn.

"Goodnight Hiccup,"

"Goodnight Astrid,"

He waited till she drifted off to sleep. He stood, kissed her forehead and left.

He must not have heard the door open.

When he came downstairs he saw Mr. Hofferson staring at him intently. Mrs. Hofferson on the other hand was passed out on the sofa in the main room.

"And just what would you be doing in \_my\_ house Haddock?" he asked already allowing his temper to get the best of him.

"Well I was... just... ya see... oh this doesn't look good."

"You're damn right it doesn't!"

"Mr. Hofferson please let meâ€"

"Explain? No thank you I don't need any details."

"No, no, no. It's not like that!"

"Really 'cause it looks like you just came out of \_my daughter's\_ room."

"She needed help getting to bed cause we..."

"You what?"

"We drank quite a bit tonight."

"Oh did you now? And why aren't you falling down?"

"I can handle my ale."

Mr. Hofferson gave the scrawny boy a skeptical look. And just as he looked as if he would lop the boy's head off right then and there... He relaxed. He didn't have any problem beating up the boy if he offended him. He didn't care if he was the Chief's son or the Village Hero. No one messed with his family.

But what made him hold back was that it wasn't what Hiccup had become that had stayed his hand. It was what Hiccup had always been. And that was kind, caring, gentle and considerate. He would not take advantage of his daughter. While Sigrum had never seen these as useful qualities in the past for a Viking he valued them in the boy courting his daughter. He valued the boy because he was nothing like himself.

"Very well Haddock. Go on home I'll talk to you later about this after I discuss it with Astrid."

A massive fear left Hiccup as he thanked the man and left.

Sigrum shook his head. \_Of all the boys in the village she picks the one no one can hate. \_Sigrum thought. \_At least not anymore.\_

#### 4. Chapter 4

##### Chapter 4

Hiccup knew the next morning would be a bad one for most of his friends. With all the hangovers it was going to be a long day at dragon training and for once he didn't know if it would be fun or absolute hell.

Hiccup was up early and did his personal training routine with Toothless. If you could call it "training".

They mostly just flew until they didn't feel like it anymore.

It was still pretty early when he and Toothless got down to the arena to start training.

Hiccup decided he would just sit there and do some anxious thinking over how his friends would feel about their gifts.

Friends.

Even now after a few months, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III could not believe he had friends.

He had grown up being picked on, looked down on, pranked, humiliated, and ignored. Many times by the people he now called his friends and sometimes more so by the villagers that now looked at him adoration and reverence.

His face contorted to a scowl at the thought of his past life.

He sneered at his leg.

\_I gave that up for people who couldn't stand to look at me?\_

Vikings always thought the more gruesome the battle-scar the better. But, if one talked to a Viking like Gobber the Belch or any other that had lost a limb in combat they would not brag.

The loss of a limb changes someone's life. Everyday functions, like walking in Hiccup's case, became an immense task.

Hiccup still couldn't give himself a reason to why he stayed and fought the Red Death. He could have just as easily mounted Toothless and left his fellow villagers to die.

\_All the pain. All the hardship of this stupid foot and I don't even know why I did it.\_

"Hey Hiccup," said Fishlegs, entering the arena with his Gronkle, Meatlug.

"Hey Fish," Hiccup greeted the large boy kindly.

All his feelings of contempt and hatred had left him in an instant.

Fishlegs noticed the sneer as he walked into the arena and saw where it was directed.

"That thing giving you trouble?" Fishlegs asked, concerned.

"Wha-? No, no, no. I'm fine."

Of all the Viking teens the one Hiccup couldn't be angry at for the past was Fish. Not once did he ever pick on Hiccup or bully him in any way. In Hiccup's opinion Fish outranked even himself in the "Kindest Viking in Berk" poll.

"Are you sure? Cause I can run to the Eldar's house and pick up some medicine."

"No really. It's fine." Hiccup said. "Thanks anyway." Hiccup paused and looked behind the bigger boy to see if he could spot anyone else coming. Hiccup sighed. They're all probably still in bed. "Well, you might as well make yourself comfortable. It's gonna be a bit of a wait."

Hiccup lowered his helmet over his eyes leaned back against Toothless and remained still.

Hiccup could feel Fishlegs beginning to become antsy with the anticipation of dragon training. And all credit to him, he tried to let the peace and calm stay but he just could not.

"So how long do you think they'll be?"

Hiccup sighed again. But now he got up. "There's no sense in waiting for a bunch of hungover lightweights. Any questions you have about training, let's go." Hiccup began to stretch.

Fishlegs was more than excited to have a private lesson with Berk's best dragon rider.

Almost a half an hour went by as Fishlegs blurted out questions and Hiccup answered every one. Either with visual aid or just by explaining it, he was able to put Fishlegs ahead of most of the class.

Finally in walked Tuffnut, tired and grumpy.

"Bad night?" Hiccup asked with some smug in his voice.

Tuffnut shot him a look. "The night? No. It's the morning that sucks."

"So when do the others plan on showing up?"

"Well Ruff's still trying to get the taste of vomit out of her mouth, Snotlout is avoiding the sun at the moment but he's up and I don't know about Astrid."

Hiccup laughed. "Geez! What kind of Vikings are you guys?"

"Oh shut up Dragon Boy!"

"So where's your Zippleback anyway?" Hiccup asked looking around.

"He's helping Ruff," Tuffnut rolled his eyes.

"Well we'll wait a little longer but, if they're much later I'm gonna let the dragons ride them"

Tuff lightened up a bit at the joke but the laugh he let out hurt his head so he got off his feet.

They had to wait for another ten minutes for the next sign of life to walk in.

Snotlout and Ruffnut walked in with their Nightmare and Zippleback.

Ruff/Tuff's Zippleback, Gazzy and Sparks helped Ruffnut along as she walked towards the others. She looked like she was going to be sick again at any moment.

Hookfang, Snotlout's Nightmare was watching to see if her master would fall over and just pass out there.

"Mornâ€" " Hiccup started.

"Don't start Dragon Boy!" Ruffnut interrupted.

"Okay, okay." Hiccup said raising his arms.

"Where's your girlfriend?" Snotlout said raising an eyebrow. "I thought for sure two you would be waking up in the same bed."

It would have been true for most guys in Berk.

Drunk girl, pretty sober guy, walking home. It all looked pretty bad.

No wonder Mr. Hofferson was ready to put his head on a spit.

"No. It wouldn't have been right." Hiccup said getting a little agitated and it was pretty visible.

Snotlout backed off. "Alright, Lover-Boy. Just a joke."

They waited another five minutes and then walked in Astrid.

She didn't have the usual confidence in her eye or at the at very least the happiness.

Hiccup got up and met her and Stormfly. "Hey. How was-?"

She put up a hand. "No mood."

Hiccup forgave her even before he felt insulted.

"If you ever speak of last night again, I'll cut your otherâ€". " She stopped.

Ouch. That hurt.

Astrid had never joked about his leg.

"I'm soâ€".

"It's fine." Hiccup said moving past the point. "It's no big deal."

Hiccup's smile didn't waver, but she mentally kicked the crap out of herself.

Hiccup took his place in the center of the arena. Toothless joined him and the lesson began.

## 5. Chapter 5

### Chapter 5

"Good morning!" Hiccup shouted.

The four hungover teens groaned at the loud sound.

"Aw. You guys have some headaches? Too bad. You guys still have to train!"

"Oh shut up!" Snotlout protested.

Hiccup was gonna milk today for as much as it was worth.

"Today were gonna learn about how to use garlic grass."

Hiccup continued on about how the plant was very useful. The plant acted as somewhat of a relaxant. It made the dragons comfortable and easier to handle. It could be used as a reward when reinforcing positive behavior.

Needless to say the students were at the brink of falling asleep.

Hiccup was done boring them and wanted to end the session with a flight.

"Alright, guys saddle up!" Hiccup said.

"Finally!" Ruffnut exclaimed.

Each teen tied their saddles just the way Hiccup taught them all. He double checked everyone to make sure there weren't any that were too tight or too loose.

They led their dragons to a pre-designated take off zone.

Other than Toothless, most dragons had trouble with vertical take offs and needed enough room to spread their wings or get a running start.

Stormfly and Gazzy and Sparks needed such a space.

"See you guys up there!" Hiccup called out.

Hiccup and Toothless lifted off with the ease and fluidity that only the best in Berk could possibly achieve.

Snotlout was behind them followed by Fishlegs then the twins and then Astrid.

Now flying in a line was idiotic and dangerous so Hiccup fixed that within the first month of the peace.

Hiccup held up his hand and raised one finger.

Almost immediately, despite their hangovers, the teens got into Formation One.

Hiccup on point Astrid to his right and to her right the twins. To his left was Fishlegs then Snotlout.

Hiccup waited for the formation to lock in, but the second it was he held up three fingers.

There was stumbling but the Vikings were able to make the shift to Formation Three.

Hiccup still on point. Astrid now on the rightmost wing the twins next to him. On his left was now Snotlout followed by Fishlegs.

All the numbered formations were based in a "V" shape with Hiccup at point. Hiccup was always at point so he could examine whatever was going on in front of the group. No one in the world knew dragons or how to fly them like Hiccup did and being christened the title of Dragon Commander made it quite clear that he would have to be in a position to give orders.

They switched between the numbered formations a few more times. Hiccup did not allow them to get comfortable. He switched it as soon as they got into one.

He made sure to steer them all in a direction with no hindrances.

Finally they ended in Formation One.

Now for the hard stuff.

He allowed the Vikings a short break in One to allow them to refocus at the task at hand.

Hiccup then held up a fist. This was received with groans and complaints, but Hiccup ignored them. The fist signaled for Power Formation.

Now he dropped his hand to the right which meant... well... to the right.

Hiccup not moving from point watched the Vikings remember their positions.

Fidhlegs came directly behind Hiccup then slanted from Hiccup to the right was Astrid, the twins and Snotlout.

The second they were in order Hiccup raised his fist again.

"Oh come on!" Was Snotlout's whine.

He pointed left now the Vikings moved as quickly as they could into the same position but to the left.

Hiccup waited until they were all in place and then called Formation One again.

They cruised for a little bit then he raised his vertical hand into the air.

The fact that he would call this formation now, while the Vikings weren't themselves was probably a mistake.

He dropped his hand forward signaling Attack Formation.

The Vikings were slightly hesitant but they moved nonetheless.

Meatlug dropped back to the end of the group.

Snotlout and Astrid had to switch positions.

That's when it went horribly wrong. Snotlout should have gone over Hiccup while Astrid went under.

They both went under and collided.

Normally a draconic collision was not a big deal. But, this time their saddles got caught on the others dragon making flight impossible.

They began to plummet.

The twins were ready to jump in and save the two but Hiccup held up his hand.

They were confused as to why he was going to let their friends fall to their deaths but they obeyed the command.

Astrid and Snot fell fast. They twisted and jerked but nothing worked.



They both soon realized something.

Viking brute force would not save them.

But calm thinking might.

So they searched for where they had been caught.

\_No. No. There!\_

Astrid spotted where Stormfly's horn had gotten caught in a strap of Hookfang's.

She pointed it out to Snot. They both worked at the entrapment.

There!

It came undone. Both dragons pushed off each other and unfurled their wings stopping their descent in the nick of time.

The twins and Fishlegs sighed with relief. Hiccup hid his and instead wore a mask of confidence.

The two rejoined the group in Attack Formation, with Snotlout on the right and Astrid on the left with the twins and then Fishlegs flying directly behind Hiccup.

"Good job guys!" Hiccup shouted over the wind.

The others just gave a nervous smile.

Hiccup called Formation One and they began their way back to the village.

## 6. Chapter 6

### Chapter 6

They landed just outside of the arena.

"Well, that went well." Hiccup said as optimistically as possible.

He was met with glares. Each one showed Hiccup how disappointed they were at the risk he had taken.

There was a silence as they unsaddled.

Hiccup broke the silence. "Hey, in like an hour or so go to the forge."

They all looked him inquisitively.

"Just trust me."

There were shrugs as they agreed to go.

Hiccup gave an awkward good bye. He and Toothless walked to the forge. Toothless helping the young Viking every so often.

When Hiccup arrived he went straight to his office and laid out all of the new weapons in the front.

He examined them closely. These would be the best gifts he would ever give to anyone.

That reminded him. His birthday was coming up.

Hiccup shrugged. No big deal.

An hour went by faster than Hiccup believed it would but, nonetheless his friends came strolling toward the forge.

"So what's so important?" Astrid asked on behalf of the group who had all basically recovered.

"Well, I have gifts for you all." Hiccup stated simply.

All of their faces lit up at the idea of free stuff.

"What are they?" Tuffnut asked, visibly excited.

"I made you all new weapons." Was Hiccup's reply.

They all dimmed somewhat.

"Thanks, but my hammer doesn't exactly dull or anything." Snotlout said.

"Fine, you're first." Hiccup replied.

Snotlout raised an eyebrow.

Hiccup went to the table he had the weapons on and picked Snot's Hammer.

"Here," Hiccup said, handing his cousin the hammer.

Snotlout felt it in his hand. It felt perfectly balanced. Like it had been made specifically for him.

"It feels so..."

"Perfect?" Hiccup finished.

"Yeah but there's something better,"

Snotlout found whatever Hiccup was talking about. "What does this do?" Snot said pressing some button toward the top of the shaft.

"No!" Hiccup shouted.

The head of the hammer which was angled downward suddenly started drooping from the shaft attached to a chain.

It hit the ground with a thud. It also landed on Hiccup's left

foot.

Without missing a beat Hiccup began jumping up and down in pain.

"I'm so sorry" Wait!" Snotlout said.

Everyone started laughing hysterically.

"You ass! I thought I broke your foot!"

"Well don't worry someone beat you to it!" Hiccup said pointing to Snot with his false foot. Another fit of laughter from everyone. For some reason when Hiccup joked about his foot it made a situation slightly uncomfortable but not this time.

Finally the laughter died down and Snotlout broke the silence.

"So do you mind explaining this?" he said gesturing to the hammer.

"Well, it's pretty simple," Hiccup began. "The war hammer is a weapon of brute force. Made to crush shields and skulls alike."

"Go on," Snotlout was liking where this was going.

"Well to increase the amount of force used in a strike I figured you have to increase the speed of the head. So by putting on a chain it delivers a stronger blow and gives you a greater range."

"Uh-huh." Snotlout said.

"Ugh. It gives your hammer a better hit and gives you more room from your enemy." Hiccup simplified.

"Ah." Snotlout said having a revelation.

"Go ahead and test it out," Hiccup said pointing to a training dummy he had set up.

Snotlout walked over dragging his hammer behind him. He lined it up a little further from where he normally would stand to hit something, compensating for the new range his weapon had.

Snotlout may not be the smartest at... well, anything, but when it came to being a warrior he was an expert.

He swung it and in that swing it was able to decapitate the dummy and unroot the dummy.

Snotlout looked at his weapon incredulously. He had swung hammers at dummies for years but they never had the same effect as this one.

"Now when you want to have a normal hammer again you just have to pull that handle back the bottom of the shaft." Hiccup pointed out.

Snotlout did so. "Wow." He said as it clicked back into place and locked itself in.

"Moving on." Hiccup stated.

The twins exclaimed in unison: "Me next!"

They began to argue and were about to start swinging when Hiccup yelled: "Will you two kindly shut up! You have the same weapon!"

"Oh." They both said giving up their argument.

Hiccup went back to his table and picked up two spears. He had made a small mark to make sure he didn't mix up the twins' weapons.

He would not make that mistake.

"Spear fighting is based on thrusting and range." Hiccup said. Now a spear, like any weapon is only effective if the enemy is within range."

"Can we move on from the obvious?" Astrid asked lightly.

"Alright. Well, what if your enemy was within range and didn't even know it?"

This was received with quizzical looks from everyone. Hiccup smiled and walked over to another dummy still holding both spears.

He stood slightly out of range of the dummy and pointed the spear right at it.

He clicked a small button at just about the middle of the shaft and something happened.

The upper quarter of the spear suddenly shot forward into the dummy while still attached to the spear.

There were looks of utter amazement.

The way Hiccup did this was by running a metal rod through the spear shaft and splitting it into three quarters and one quarter. He built a small locking mechanism that attached the two and built springs in between them as a launching system but kept the head attached.

He took the spear out. Gripped the upper quarter and locked it back into place.

He tossed the two spears to the Thorstons.

"Try 'em out." Hiccup said.

The two excitedly went to work testing their range. After their shared dummy was cut to pieces Hiccup moved on to the next.

"Okay, Fishlegs you like the club right?" Hiccup asked.

Fishlegs nodded filled with glee.

"Well the club is simple and really just needed for bludgeoning. Not really much you can do." Hiccup stated plainly.

Fishlegs' expression faltered and his heart sank.

"But, I found a way." Hiccup said optimistically.

Fishlegs lit up like a house during a dragon raid.

Hiccup grabbed the club. Instead of the head being rounded and completely covered in spikes only one side was like that.

The other was carved out like a ladle or spoon.

"It wasn't so much the weapon I could improve, so instead I gave it something new to go with it." Hiccup handed Fishlegs his club and went to retrieve a bag full of porcelain balls.

"Great!" Snotlout exclaimed jokingly. "While we're all busy kicking ass, Fishleg's can chuck balls at them to piss them off!"

Hiccup gave him a "Shut up, You'll see" look.

At the top of every ball there was a cap and Hiccup pointed this out.

"Place the ball in the space on your club and just break off that cap."

Fishlegs did so and as the cap broke off it revealed a small piece of fabric under it, now on fire from the spark caused by the breaking of the cap.

Fishlegs was shocked but he didn't drop it.

He did so and as soon as the ball hit the dummy it broke releasing a flammable liquid that was immediately ignited by the fabric.

The dummy was engulfed in flames. Fishlegs was visibly happy at the outcome. Hiccup looked at Snotlout arrogantly.

Snotlout mouthed the words "Shut up."

"Now, Astrid I got the idea for your battle axe from the day you followed me into the woods and found Toohless."

Astrid smiled at the memory.

"Well, remember how you greeted me? With the shove to the ground and dropping of the butt of your axe on my stomach."

Astrid's expression changed and she nodded.

"Well, that made me think," Hiccup said moving back to the table. "You obviously like using the butt of your weapon to hit people. Why not make it lethal?"

Hiccup revealed the axe to have a spike at the bottom of the shaft.

He walked over to Astrid and placed the axe in her hand with the spike facing toward a distant dummy.

"So these guys get all this awesome stuff and I get a spike at the end?" Astrid said somewhat disappointed.

Hiccup smiled. "Do you really think I wouldn't give my girlfriend a gift deserving of her?"

He reached to the top of the shaft and clicked a small button.

Immediately the spike flew out and hit its mark.

Astrid was happily shocked. But before she could say anything Hiccup pulled out a piece of leather that held four more spike that could be placed into the axe and a rounded one.

"Reloadable. And this one is just in case you feel like hitting your boyfriend with your axe." He said gesturing to the rounded one.

"These are all..." Astrid began.

"Freaking amazing!" Tuffnut finished.

"Well yeah." Astrid said.

"I'm glad you all like them." Hiccup said smiling.

"Like them?" Ruffnut said. "These have to be the best weapons in all Scandinavia!"

Hiccup blushed slightly. \_So much for worrying.\_ He thought.

"How long do you guys think it will take you to master these?" Hiccup asked.

"A few days given the amount of change and skill level of all of us." Fishlegs answered.

"Well that's good enough for me." Hiccup shrugged.

"Why?" Astrid asked raising an eyebrow.

## 7. Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

"Well, it's winter, there's nothing to do, we're not really needed around here so I figured we could go get ourselves some of that glory the others always talk about.

Hiccup walked over to another table where he had a parchment rolled up and tied with a leather twine.

"This is how we'll get it." He said unrolling it.

They all stood around the table.

There were words all across the paper, but at the top there was a

large title.

**\*\*Onska\*\***

"I want to find this dragon." Hiccup said getting slightly excited.

"Onska's a myth." Snotlout said.

"So was the Boneknapper." Hiccup retorted.

Snotlout had no return.

"This paper has clues on it. All we have to do is follow the clues. And we find the dragon." Hiccup explained.

"What do we even know about this dragon?" Astrid asked.

Hiccup was going to answer but he saw Fishlegs begin to twitch at the idea of spurting out information. "Go ahead Fish,"

"Onska the dragon. Myth states that if found grants one wish. Strength, speed, intelligence and fire capabilities unknown because the dragon was said to have been sealed in a cave on a remote island by the gods. It is cursed to grant wishes for eternity. Some stories say that is not the dragon itself that grants the wishes, it is the island and the dragon was cursed to be the median."

"Couldn't have said it better myself."

"So why did you wait to give us these new weapons before you told us about this?" Tuff asked warily.

"Oh I just figured they would help." Hiccup said attempting to dodge the situation.

"With what?" Ruff asked.

"Oh just a sea serpent or two, and a cursed goblin army." Hiccup answered awkwardly.

"What?" Snotlout asked.

"Hey, there's a chance it's not even real," Hiccup said diffusing the situation.

"Oh that's so much better! It it's not real we wasted our time and if it is we have that to deal with."

"Others have done it before. And we have something they didn't. This will be easy for us."

"No offense Hiccup," Astrid said "Your weapons are great and all but if those things are in the way we don't have that much of an advantage."

Hiccup shook his head. "I wasn't talking about my new weapons." He whistled.

All of their dragons came walking toward them.

"I was talking about them." Hiccup said pointing. "We have Toothless. We have Stormfly. We have Meatlug. We have Gazzy and Sparks. And we have Hookfang."

He looked all his friends in the eye one by one.

"We can do this guys. Who's in?" Hiccup said placing his hand on the paper.

"I am," Astrid said confidently putting her hand down on the parchment next to Hiccups, but gave Hiccup a look that said: "You better know what you're doing."

Hiccup just gave a nervous smile in return.

"Let's go!" Tuff exclaimed slamming his hand on the table. The thought of staying in Berk much longer was eating him apart. He had to do something exciting soon or he'd burst.

"If it's something crazy," Ruff said placing her hand down.

"I really want to know more about this dragon." Fish put his hand in.

They all turned to Snotlout who had his arms crossed in front of his chest.

"I cannot in all good consciousness let my cousin go out and make himself more of a hero without me being there to take some of that glory." Snot put his hand in.

"Alright ask your parents tonight," Hiccup said. "I'll clear it with my dad to get a boat and supplies. I say we leave in a couple of days."

There were murmurs of agreement.

Later that night

"So how are you guys getting at your new weapons?" Astrid asked walking over to the table where all her friends sat.

They all told her about how great the weapons were and how they couldn't wait to really use them.

All the teens asked their parents and all had said yes. Every parent was excited at the idea of their child going on a dangerous quest.

Good old Viking parenting at its best.

The only one they needed permission from was Stoick the Vast.

That's why Hiccup was sitting at his side during this dinner. In most tribes the Chief's son would sit next to his father, especially when it was near their time to inherit.

Hiccup never really like tradition. He needed to sit with his father tonight to get on his good graces.



All of the teens had to ask their parents but none had to ask the Chief. Hiccup had to ask his father for a boat, supplies and a blessing from the Elder.

Astrid could see Hiccup sitting next to his father. He was laughing and even telling jokes. Not in his usual dry humor but, actual Viking jokes.

She could tell he hated the situation, despite his smile from ear to ear.

She continued to watch. Finally the Chief's table settled down slightly.

Hiccup leaned in toward his father and asked a question.

Stoick lit up and followed with a question.

Hiccup shifted uncomfortably and answered.

Stoick darkened. He went back to eating with a frown. He turned to his son again and said something and Hiccup nodded.

Astrid pitied Hiccup.

Something had happened just now and Hiccup would have to feel the brunt of it.

Dinner had been finished and unlike last night the teens had no intention of becoming drunk.

"Well how do you think it went with Stoick?" Tuff asked.

"Not too well, I think," Astrid answered.

"I don't know why Uncle Stoick would say no," Snotlout said. "I mean his son is actually asking to go on some dangerous quest for some dragon that can grant a wish."

They all stopped in their tracks.

Hiccup wanted to go this quest. A quest that could grant a wish.

"That little..." Ruff began.

"Relax guys I'm sure Hiccup wouldn't risk all our lives just soâ€" Astrid said.

"He could get his leg back." Snotlout sneered.

"Or maybe Toothless' tail fin?" Ruff said.

"Or his mom." Fishlegs said quietly.

None of them had thought of that. There was a long silence.

None had a life like Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III.

Sure he was heir to the tribe, but he was scrawny, weak, was picked on his whole life, he had grown up without a mother and his dad wasn't exactly a picture perfect parent.

And yet throughout the traumatic experience that was Hiccup's life he had gone through everything with a smile. Even the loss of his leg was greeted with a joke.

"Well, I don't care what he wants out of this. We owe to him no matter what. He saved all of us even when we didn't deserve it only a few months ago."

They all nodded and parted.

\_Please be doing this for the right reasons.\_ Astrid thought.

## 8. Chapter 8

### Chapter 8

"Onska?" Stoick nearly yelled once he and his son returned to their house.

"I know Dad..." Hiccup tried to reply.

"No you don't! There's a reason not many risk that quest!"

"You almost did!" Hiccup yelled back.

Stoick stopped. This was true. "Please tell me you read the \_whole\_ thing." Stoick said pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Don't worry, I saw the rule." Hiccup said.

"Then why would risk your life for your leg?" Stoick asked.

"It's not for my leg,"

"Then why, Son? Why put yourself and all your friends at risk? Is it for Toothless' fin cause he already rejected that other one you made him?"

"No not that either."

"Then \_why\_?"

"It's just... something I have to do."

Stoick lightened. He could deny the request right now and be done with it. But, he knew that wouldn't stop his stubborn son. He'd go on this quest if all he had was his dragon and a knife.

"Alright," Stoick nodded. "I'll have the dock master find a boat we don't need and I'll have the supplies ready in two days. You'll have enough for a week, no longer."

"Thank you," Hiccup said. "I have to go get some sleep. It's been a long day."

"Aye go ahead,"

Hiccup left. Stoick went by the fireplace and sat down in his chair.

\_Onska.\_

Years ago Stoick had indeed been ready to go on that quest.

The day after Valhallarama had died.

He had read about Onska the wish granting dragon and thought that would be the best way to regain his wife.

And just before he set sail Gobber had stopped him. And made him reread the paper.

In small print it gave one rule to making the wish.

"The Alive stay Alive, And the Dead stay Dead" Stoick whispered.

Morning

Hiccup woke with a new sense of purpose. While the quest would not begin for another two days he still felt that it began today with the preparations.

He went outside and saddled up Toothless.

"Ready Bud?" Hiccup asked.

Toothless gave a nod.

They bolted for the clouds.

They sliced through the air, curving and twisting effortlessly.

No matter how much Hiccup flew to him it was the most breath taking experience he could ever feel.

The freedom and the connection he had with his best friend.

The love he had for the sky was only outweighed by the love he had for Astrid.

Wait!

Did he just think \_love\_?

Yeah, he did.

He didn't have time to sort that out right now. He had to head to the forge and practice with his own weapon.

He landed as gracefully as ever.

This time, outside the forge was Bones, Gobber's Boneknapper.

\_Ah, good old Viking creativity. How unrefreshing.\_ Hiccup

thought.

Hiccup patted him on the nose and Toothless even greeted the giant dragon.

"How ya' doin' Gobber?" Hiccup said to his mentor.

"I'm good, Boy." Replied his teacher. "How's the sky? I'm thinkin' a goin' out for a little flight meself."

"The air is nice out for once."

While most Vikings were addicted to flying now, Gobber moderated himself quite a bit. Although when he did go he enjoyed himself thoroughly.

"Well, then I better get going," Gobber said, "Oh and by the way, I saw those new weapons of yours. You have a gift boy. Shame it'll be wasted once you become Chief. But you'll probably be just as good at that."

Hiccup smiled. Not many thought he would ever become Chief but Gobber was always confident in the boy. "Thanks, Gobber,"

"You don't thank someone for saying it's a nice day out. Don't thank me for saying other obvious facts." Gobber patted his apprentice on the arm and mounted Bones. "Alright, let's get going you giant bag of bones."

Hiccup's ego soared. No one inspired confidence in him like Gobber. Hiccup retrieved his latest achievement and began to walk outside the door when...

"Good morning Haddock," Mr. Hofferson said holding his axe. "I need this sharpened."

Hiccup's heart jumped and not in the way a certain other Hofferson made it. "Oh come on you're gonna make sharpen the axe you're gonna kill me with?"

"No relax. I'm not here about the other night, I talked it over with Astrid. In fact, I should be apologizing to you for accusing you of something like that. And at the same time thanking you for helping my little Flower home."

Hiccup mentally logged Flower for later use. "Well it's okay," Hiccup said sharpening the axe with the ease that only came with the experience he had. "You had a right to think that. Most guys would have... well you know..."

"Yes I do. Which is why I give you complete permission to marry my daughter."

Hiccup nearly dropped the axe. "You give m-me p-p-permission to do \_what\_?"

"I know you're young still but if the time comes you have my blessing."

\_Talk about preemptive. \_

"Oh. Well. Thank... you." Hiccup replied sounding as grateful as he could.

Mr. Hofferson took the axe and looked it over. "Nice work Haddock." He complimented and then walked away.

\_Marriage? Seriously? We're fifteen!\_

## 9. Chapter 9

\*\*Okay for the few people that have reviewed this stroy thank you for having as much fun reading it as I did writing it. This account is going to specifically dedicated to HTTYD. And you have nothing to worry about, I HATE people who write a great story and than just abandon it. I've come across it way too many times. Not saying that my story is "great" but as long as people enjoy it I'll keep writing it.\*\*

\*\*Eh who am I kidding? I'd write this even if people told me to stop. It's way too fun.\*\*

\*\*Thanks again for the positive reviews. Enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 9<p>

Mr. Hofferson's words had certainly rattled Hiccup.

Even though he could not see himself with anyone but Astrid, but at the same time marriage seemed so... strange.

He had to shake it off for right now.

The next two days passed relatively fast.

The day of departure was here already.

Hiccup and Toothless went down to the docks to meet their friends.

"Hey Hiccup," Astrid said running up and kissing him in greeting.

"Hey Astrid," Hiccup said after the kiss. "Is everyone ready?"

"Just about,"

"Good,"

All of their parents came down to see their kids off. All of them were hugging and kissing goodbye.

This happened a lot in Berk. Usually it would be the children who would see their parents off before a hunt or a battle.

Stoick and Hiccup just stood there awkwardly.

"Good luck, Son." Stoick said not even looking at his son.

"Thanks. I'll be back. Probably." Hiccup said.

"You'll be fine. You will make it back and you will get... whatever it is you're doing this for."

Hiccup smiled. "Thanks, Dad. I promise I'll get everyone back."

"I know you will. You're a Haddock." Stoick said.

Hiccup's smile grew. "Good bye,"

"Good bye,"

With that the son boarded the ship, without a hug or any other sigh of affection, but it would certainly be enough for Hiccup.

All of the Vikings and dragons boarded the ship and they started rowing. With the cheers of the village behind them and the open Ocean in front of them they set out on their journey.

Only a few minutes passed until they were a good distance from Berk.

"Okay guys, the only way we're gonna survive is if we all have a job." Hiccup announced.

"Oh here we go," Snotlout rolled his eyes.

"Fishlegs, you're the son of sailors, right?"

"Yeah, why?" Fishlegs replied.

"Good, you're coxswain,"

"Cox- what?" Tuffnut asked.

"He's steering," Hiccup answered. "As long as we're on this boat Fishlegs decides what you will all do and how we keep this thing afloat."

"Uh, no offense to Fishlegs," Astrid said. "But, he's not exactly the best at giving orders or being loud in general."

"I know," Hiccup replied. "That's why Snotlout will be his assistant."

Snotlout was getting up to protest, but Hiccup shot him a look that said: "You say something stupid and I'll have you thrown from this boat."

It was so effective even Astrid would have sat down.

Needless to say Snot accepted his position.

"The medic for the trip will be Tuffnut," Hiccup continued.

"What?" Tuffnut and Astrid exclaimed simultaneously.

Tuffnut was mortified for being given such a... womanly job. Astrid was outraged because she had helped Hiccup countless times in redressing his injury.

"I thought this would happen," Hiccup whispered to himself as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Don't you remember all the times I helped you?" Astrid asked.

"Yes I do," Hiccup said. "But, who in Berk spent most of his childhood being healed by the Elder because of the countless injuries he had? And even though he might not admit it, he probably learned a lot about dressing wounds and medicine."

This was true Tuffnut was known for doing... well... stupid shit. And he needed healing for a lot of it.

"Alright, I'll do it." Tuffnut said as Hiccup tossed him the bag of herbs and bandages. Tuffnut opened it to see what he had to work with.

"The cook will be Ruffnut." Hiccup went on.

"Oh come on," Ruff complained.

Hiccup motioned for her to come closer.

"Listen, I tasted that soup you made for Tuffnut when he was sick last month," Hiccup whispered. "It was Valhalla on Earth. And plus no one else knows how to cook or is willing to try. Except Astrid I can ask her and we can have Yaknog every night."

"Alright, alright," Ruffnut said fearing the idea of trying something that made Snotlout cry.

"But I am going to assign her as your assistant. Maybe you could teach her?" the last part sounded like more of a question than a command.

"Worried your future bride won't be able to cook?" Ruff said as she raised an eyebrow.

"No," Hiccup said soon realizing that he had just said he planned on marrying Astrid. Indirectly of course. "Just shut up and please start preparing lunch."

"Whatever you say Chief," Ruffnut said making a salute. "Come on Astrid, we have work, to do."

Astrid looked confused but Ruff would explain.

Fishlegs and Snot kept the ship on the same direction that they needed to go and they had a strong wind behind them.

This gave Tuff and Hiccup nothing to do, so they stood near the edge of the starboard (right) side.

Hiccup felt awkward. He and Tuff had never really hung out alone.

"So you and Astrid... are pretty serious?" Tuff said trying to end the awkward silence.

"Yeah. I guess." Hiccup replied. "What about you? Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Yes. Sort of. I don't really know."

"How can you not know?"

"Well my dad received this letter last month from some big shot in the Scruffy Barbarians tribe. Something about a cattle trade."

Hiccup had forgotten that Tuffnut was a shepherd.

"Anyway, I had to write the letter on his behalf since he was away during that last hunt for the dragons. So it turns out the guy was away too and his daughter had to write it back. And one thing led to another and now we mail each other whenever we can."

"Tuff, you ladies man," Hiccup said giving him a light punch in the arm. "What's her name?"

"I don't know we agreed not give each other's names. We send the titles only addressed by our nicknames for each other."

"And what are they?"

"I'd rather not,"

Hiccup raised an eyebrow. "Alright,"

Hiccup tried desperately to remember who he knew in the Scruffy Barbarians Tribe.

## 10. Chapter 10

**\*\*Alright all the chapter have been pretty slow but after Chapter 11 I think it's gonna go a hell of a lot faster. In the upcoming chapters I expect there to be more romance, more cursing and more violence.\*\***

**\*\*You didn't think those weapons would just rust did you?\*\***

**\*\*Please enjoy as much as I have.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 10<p>

They had been traveling for a full day now and were closing in on where the first... clue? was.

Hiccup had Fishlegs point the boat towards a small barren archipelago.

\_The ashy islands point the way and the stars light it.\_



They arrived one of the islands. The center one. With Fishlegs' precise sailing it went without a hitch.

As soon as they docked the dragons leapt from the boat and began to stretch their wings.

All the Vikings followed suit. Minus the wing stretching.

Hiccup landed awkwardly and stumbled.

"Are you okay?" Astrid said rushing to him.

"Yeah I'm fine." Hiccup said. All that hurt was his pride and his stump but both would heal. "Just a little slip,"

"Alright," Astrid said backing off.

Hiccup limped towards the rest of his friends.

"So why did we stop at this pile of rocks?" Snot asked.

"Well this is where I would imagine the first clue to be." Hiccup responded.

"Great we're sailing on your imagination," Tuffnut said shaking his head.

Hiccup frowned. He looked around the island. Could he have been wrong?

Then he saw something. "Fish could you move slightly to your left?"

The large boy did so.

"There!" Hiccup exclaimed.

Sitting at the center of the island was a short pedestal carved from stone.

The Vikings ran for it. Hiccup calmly walked toward it. Astrid started to run but saw him.

"I'm in no rush," She said in the best way she could to not offend him.

"Thanks," he said and kissed her. "Now let's go."

It was a short walk to the middle of the island.

"Great, we're screwed," Ruff said.

"Why is that?" Hiccup asked.

She gestured to the pedestal.

On the surface were arrows pointing in all directions made of small gems. All the gems were identical.

Hiccup furled his brow. He didn't know much about gems.

But he knew someone who would.

"Ruff, don't you have a lot of jewelry?" Hiccup asked.

Astrid didn't like where this was going.

"Yeah, so?" Ruff replied.

"Well, how much do you know about the gems used to make it?"

"Enough. Where are you going with all this?"

"Take a look at these. Do you know what they are?"

Astrid relaxed. She couldn't believe she had just felt jealous over a little question like that.

"I can try," Ruffnut shrugged.

She crouched and examined them.

"They're either Common Clears or Moonstones. But, they're identical. There's only one foolproof way of knowing."

"I thought so," Hiccup said.

Everyone was confused at this point.

"Alright," Hiccup said. "We make camp here."

"What?" Astrid asked. "It's only midday."

"I know but the only way we're going to know where to go is if we stay here until the night."

They all gave questioning looks.

"Do you wanna explain this? Or should I?" Hiccup said turning to Ruffnut.

"I got this one." Ruffnut replied. She was pretty proud of herself. The future Chief allowed her to answer on his behalf. An act like was guaranteed good graces when they were older. "Common Clears and Moonstones are gems that are near identical to each other. The only way of telling them apart is at night when the Moonstones glow a blueish white."

"So I'm assuming at night," Hiccup continued on. "Only one of those arrows will be glowing."

A collective "Oh!" came.

"So what are we supposed to do until night fall?" Fishlegs asked.

Hiccup shrugged. "I don't know. Just find something to do."

With that most of them took to the sky. Hiccup stayed behind and so

did Astrid.

"So what? You don't want to fly? That's not like you." Astrid stated.

"No I do but Toothless stayed up all night watching for I don't even know what. So he's pretty tired." Hiccup replied. "What about you?"

Astrid made a small smile and pointed towards her dragon. "Stormfly hasn't looked at clear calm water to check her reflection in a full day. I won't be able to tear her away from it for a long while."

Hiccup laughed. Deadly Nadders were infamous for their hygiene and preening.

"So what do you want to do?" Hiccup asked.

Astrid shrugged. "Beats me."

Hiccup thought for a second.

"I have an idea," He said excitedly. "Come with me."

"I have nowhere else to do." Astrid rolled her eyes playfully.

He led her to one of the shores and started scouring the ground.

"What are you looking for? We already found the clue."

"I'm looking for a rock."

She gave him a strange look. "In case you haven't noticed. We're standing on a pile of them in the middle of the Ocean."

Hiccup gave her a look right back. "Thank you for pointing that out." He said. "But I was looking for this rock."

Hiccup held up a flat rock and a stupid grin.

## 11. Chapter 11

**\*\*Shortest chapter yet but I felt the need for a little Astrid and Hiccup stuff. I need something to reel in those fluff lovers. Anyway, yeah it's a rock skipping scene/ Get over it. \*\***

**\*\*Like I said before after this it should start getting faster.\*\***

**\*\*To all those that have reviwed don't worry I plan on updating this twice a day probably. I posted the first eight chapters my first day. I want to finish this one (but don't worry that won't be for a while) because I have literally a storm of ideas for other stories.\*\***

**\*\*Thanks for the support, pass this around and anything you want to see more of or less of please tell me I'd be happy to throw something**

in.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 11<p>

"Why that rock?" Astrid asked Hiccup.

"Because it's flat," Hiccup answered still wearing his smile.

"Just like my heartbeat right now,"

"Leave the jokes to me," Hiccup retorted. "Okay, have you skipped stones before?"

"What am I a mountain goat? No Hiccup I haven't skipped on stones before."

"What? No. Not on stones just skip stones."

Now Astrid was confused.

"Just watch,"

Hiccup took the rock and lined it parallel to the ground. He drew his arm back and launched it, flicking his wrist as he did so.

The stone bounced on the water four times before sinking in to the Ocean.

Astrid's jaw had dropped. It might as well have been magic. "How did... why did it...? Show me how!"

"Alright find a flatâ€" "

"Got it!"

"Okay now take the rock, bring it back and make it flat as the ground. Now as you throw it flick your wrist."

Astrid gave it a try.

Well tries don't always succeed.

The rock shot right into the water due to its poor angling.

Astrid frowned. She hated to fail.

"Wow that was just terrible," Hiccup observed.

Astrid looked at him with complete contempt.

His smile didn't waver and eventually it rubbed off on her and the same childish curiosity returned.

"Okay let's try again," Hiccup said.

She found another rock.

"Okay just think of it like throwing an axe. Except completely

different. And you're not aiming to kill anyone."

Astrid let out a giggle.

Hiccup stood in front of Astrid and helped place her finger in the right position.

"This time don't angle it downward,"

She didn't. She threw the small stone and it made a good three skips and sunk.

"I did it! That's so amazing! Where did you learn how to do that?" Astrid was so happy she nearly attacked him in an embrace and kiss.

"Well, when you have no friends growing up, you find ways of killing time," Hiccup said with a smile. He was only joking.

Astrid on the other hand didn't see it as a joke. She immediately thought of all the times Hiccup tried to be one of them and all the times he was rebuked or ignored.

She had no idea which one would feel worse. Being emotionally destroyed everyday of your life or being ignored by the one person you really wanted to be around.

Hiccup saw her change in mood and tried to fix the situation.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean for it to come out like that," He said. "It was just a joke."

"I know but," Astrid began.

Hiccup put his finger over her lips.

"The past is the past," He said. "There's no changing what happened. You have to live in the present."

Astrid gave a sort of smile. "You know, if this whole Chief thing doesn't work out, philosophy looks pretty good for you."

"Do you think so? Cause I was thinking of having Village Idiot as my fallback career."

She laughed hysterically. Hiccup made her laugh, something not many people could do.

"Well let's see if that wasn't just beginners' luck." Hiccup said as they broke from each other.

They skipped stones for at least an hour. Astrid continued to improve.

They laughed, they kissed, and in general enjoyed each other's company.

\_If this is what being married to Astrid would be like, I think I'd be a happy man.\_

Mr. Hofferson's words rang in his ears again.

\_Ugh. Stop right there Hiccup.\_ He commanded himself. \_You have other things to worry about. And, Dude, you're still fifteen.\_

Great. Not only was he actually considering marrying Astrid but now he was talking to himself.

## 12. Chapter 12

**\*\*It picks up a bit here but Chapter 13 is gonna be good.\*\***

**\*\*Can't wait and thanks again for the suport.\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>Chapter 12<p>

Night finally fell, and the Vikings gathered anxiously by the pedestal.

The sun was gripping to the horizon for its final glimpse of them for the day.

It set and there was darkness.

The Moonstones glowed.

"West," Hiccup said.

"So do we set sail now?" Snot asked.

"Nah," Hiccup said. "We'd be better off waiting til morning. I don't want to risk trying to get out of this tiny archipelago at night."

"Alright," Snotlout replied. "You're the boss."

The Vikings would sleep on their boat. There was no point setting up tents on a barren and rocky island.

They gathered the spare wood from the boat and started a fire.

Ruffnut began cooking some stew as Astrid attempted to help.

The guys sat around with their jobs already finished for the day.

Now they weren't completely useless. Whenever Astrid or Ruffnut asked for an ingredient or spice they were able to fight their chauvinistic ways and help without too much of an argument.

Soon dinner was ready and the Vikings sat around the fire, up against their respective dragons as they themselves ate their own dinner.

Dinner passed relatively quickly. Not much talking just sitting and eating.

"So what are we going to find in the West?" Astrid asked. They could still make out the stones glowing in the distance.

Hiccup cringed. He wasn't quite ready to reveal what the next clue was.

\_Straight North from the Masters of the Deep.\_

\_At least the directions were simple. \_Hiccup thought. Actually doing it...

The Masters of the Deep were two sea serpents. No one knew how old these things were but they certainly were not trainable.

These things were mindless destroyers.

Hiccup wished to the gods he didn't have to go through them but he had no choice.

The only way to find this place was by finding the Master and heading directly north.

Hiccup sighed. "Straight North from the Masters of the Deep." Hiccup announced with sadness in his voice.

"So, a couple of dragons. You can just win them over. Right?" Tuffnut said.

Toothless made a scoffing sound.

"No," Hiccup said. "They're not dragons. They're sea serpents. Most Tidal Dragons even avoid these two particular ones. They dwell in a pit in the open Ocean and attack anything that moves in or on the water. They are mindless and are rumored to kill for fun."

They all just stared at him.

"So what you're trying to say here," Snotlout said "And stop me if I'm wrong. Is that we're going to find these guys and die a pointless and probably painful death?"

"Well, when you say it like it seems pretty pessimistic." Hiccup said.

"You didn't say no." Snotlout pointed out. "I knew it we're screwed."

"Would you shut up," Astrid said "I'm sure Hiccup has a plan. I mean after all he killed the Red Death and that thing was the size of an island."

The truth was Hiccup didn't have a plan.

The Queen Dragon was different. While she was much bigger than any expectations he had for these serpents it was a completely different battle.

These things lived in the water. And it's not like he had a shitload of Tidal Class Dragons he could bring with him. They mostly lived in

the Southern Islands.

Which reminded him. This summer, he'd have to go down there and teach them how to train that type of dragons.

If he lived to see the summer.

"I'm working something out" Hiccup said. "Right now I say we all get some sleep so we can move out early tomorrow"

They all moved to the boat after putting out the fire.

Hiccup just prayed that he would be able to sleep on the thought that he was going to risk the lives of friends, tomorrow.

Morning

The night came and went and as it turned out Hiccup slept pretty well.

Maybe it was a Haddock gene that allowed them to be calm in the face of adversity.

Or maybe it was just Hiccup.

The boat was soon on the move and they navigated right out of the archipelago.

They headed west.

Hiccup was still mulling over how to deal with these beasts.

"So, finish that plan yet?" Astrid asked walking over to Hiccup who was standing at the bow.

"Not entirely." Was the answer.

"Well, you better come up with something quick. I can't imagine it's much further." She said and walked away.

Hiccup thought for another moment.

\_They spend all their time in the water so lighting them on fire is out of the question. They're probably too big for any of weapons to be much more than an annoyance. I'd have to give them something they've never seen before. Something to keep them out of the water. Something to keep them interested.\_

He looked around the boat.

First at all of the Vikings. Nothing too mind boggling there.

Next he looked at the dragons.

Then he saw the Zippleback.

\_That's it! If Gazzy and Sparks can create enough explosions to keep them up me and Toothless can...\_

There was a bump on the boat.



He knew what this meant.

"Everybody listen up cause I'm only explaining this once," Hiccup yelled.

### 13. Chapter 13

\*\*Finally the action starts. This chapter was so fun to write.  
\*\*

\*\*I have to say how much I enjoy this movie. After seeing it I realized how open ended it really was and to be honest this the only reason I even got an account on this website.\*\*

\*\*Thanks again for the support. I did not expect anyone to be really into my story but it feels good.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 13<p>

"Fishlegs stay on the rudder," Hiccup commanded. "The second these things surface turn us right and keep us pointed north."

Fishlegs nodded. There was no trace of the nervous and polite Viking everyone knew. Instead was the determined man sitting in his place ready to do his part in this quest.

"Meatlug stay by him and don't let those serpents interrupt him," Meatlug stood by her rider.

Another bump.

"Astrid. Snotlout. You and your dragons stand on the starboard side. If they're in the way of our turn, make them regret it."

They nodded.

"Ruffnut and Tuffnut. Take your dragon and stand on port. I need you to make as many small explosions as you can."

They nodded as well.

Everyone was in position and ready.

"Keep their heads above the water!" Hiccup's final command came out like the ending to an inspirational speech and was greeted with a loud cheer.

Their heads surfaced on opposite sides of the ship just as Hiccup had expected.

With that he and Toothless took off. The other Vikings didn't question it.

Whatever Hiccup did it would benefit them.

Fishlegs jerked the rudder and they began turning north.

One of the serpents was sure enough in the way.

Before it could attack it was hit with liquid flame from the Nightmare that clung to even the water that made its body shine and poisonous spikes launched from the Nadder's tale.

It wasn't enough to do any substantial damage but it made it cease its attack and move just out of the way so Fishlegs could point the boat north.

On the port side Ruffnut and Tuffnut were setting off small explosions with the gas and sparks from their Zippleback.

From where Hiccup was comfortably flying he could see the battle begin to play out.

The creatures looked like snakes with their long necks stretching out of the water. They had look in their eyes that lacked intelligence, compassion, and any sense of mercy.

So far the beasts had done exactly as he had planned.

The combined attacks from Snot and Astrid gave them the path they would need. The explosions baffled the other serpent and made sit there watching the dragon produce gas and then ignite it.

It made or two lunges at Fishlegs. They had obviously sunk enough ships in their day to know if they kill the man steering then it's easy prey. Well, Meatlug would have none of it.

Every time it lunged it was met with an accurate fireball to the face.

After its final attempt at killing Fishlegs, it refocused its attention on the twins. It turned its head right into a cloud of green gas and the twins ignited it.

Its head flew back dazed.

\_There!\_

Hiccup saw the opening and took it.

Shooting downward toward the battle the Night Fury's fall created its usual vicious screech.

Both head stopped to see what this new sound was.

It was too late.

The head attacking the port side didn't have the time to realize that the Unholy Offspring Of Lightning and Death was flying right for it. And had a fireball delivery, just for it.

The blast hit midway from the water to the head. It left a massive gash and as Hiccup flew by he could hear the cries of agony.

As he looked back he saw the mighty beast sway. Smoke billowing from the wound.

It had look on its face the living things only get when they're neat their end.

It fell, and with a splash began to sink.

The other serpent cried out in misery over its fallen comrade.

It realized as well, that the surface was not safe, so it sank back into the water.

Hiccup landed with cheers from his friends.

"It's not over yet!" Hiccup yelled as he dismounted, making sure to pat Toothless for the perfect shot.

There was a violent rocking of the boat.

Hiccup fell flat on his back hitting his head as he did so.

Astrid helped him up. "Are you okay?" she asked.

"I got it," he said as he got to his feet.

He couldn't believe he hadn't thought of this earlier.

During the summer rain storms there was lightning.

Lightning was always surrounded by rain and rain was water.

\_Maybe...\_

No. No time for maybes.

"Tuffnut, how much lightning can Sparks make for one shot?" Hiccup asked.

"A lot, if he has time," Tuffnut said.

\_Time. How can I buy some time? \_Hiccup thought.

Hiccup quickly leapt onto Toothless and clicked his foot into place.

"I'm gonna lead it away and then back again." Hiccup said.

Another rocking of the boat, this one even worse.

"When I come back it should be right behind me. Have Sparks make the biggest bolt of lightning he can. When I give the signal have hit shoot the water right off the boat."

Tuff nodded.

Toothless and Hiccup jumped into the air and dove down immediately scraping the water and flying low.

It had the intended effect. The serpent made a lunge for the two, but Toothless effortlessly avoided its jaws.

Hiccup stayed just low enough to keep it interested and just fast enough for it to keep up.

They led it out for awhile and then began the turn.

Meanwhile Tuff had Sparks begin to charge his mouth with lightning.

Hiccup and Toothless began their way back to the ship. The serpent snapping its jaws the whole time.

Sparks was nearly in tears. He had never had to hold this much lightning for this long. But, he would not fail his rider. Refused to. This what he asked of him, this is what he will get.

Tuffnut could only give his dragon words of encouragement.

The best friends barreled toward the ship. Hiccup pulled up and over the ship and yelled. "Now!"

Tuffnut ordered Sparks to let his lightning fly into the water.

Lightning spat from the dragons mouth for ten long seconds. The water crackled and bubbled as the lightning churned it.

Hiccup landed on the ship and dismounted quickly.

He got to the side just in time to see the serpent sinking in the depths. Dead.

Hiccup walked away toward the other side of the ship.

All around him his friends and their dragons rejoiced over their victory. He and Toothless were calm.

Astrid followed him. "We did it! We just did what no other warrior has been able to do ever!"

"What we did was slay two of the oldest creatures in the world." Hiccup said solemnly.

Astrid frowned. "Don't think of it like that. Those things were going to kill us first. You can't feel guilty for saving us."

"Guilty?" Hiccup looked at her. "Fuck that! Break out the ale!"

## 14. Chapter 14

\*\*So this chapter slows it down a bit and gets pretty deep but there was a need for it.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 14<p>

The Vikings sat around the center of the ship where they had set up

their fireplace.

Night had fallen and their third night looked easy.

No one asked how Hiccup had snuck two barrels of ale onto the ship. They didn't care. It was there. That's all that mattered to them.

They sat around still riding on the euphoria of their victory. They all bragged about their dragon's role.

Snotlout bragged of his Nightmare's fire scarring the one serpent, while Astrid said it was her Nadder's spikes that did the most damage to it.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut were for once on the same side as they boasted about their Zippleback's explosions. Tuffnut was especially boisterous. "No other Zippleback can hold that much lightning!"

Sparks was very happy about his master's proud words.

Fishlegs bragged about Meatlug's bravery as she had singlehandedly fought back the serpent three times.

They were getting drunker and louder.

Hiccup remained quiet. He had no reason to boast.

His dragon was known to be the best. He flew faster than any. He had no blind spot. No shot limit. And intelligence beyond that of any species of dragon.

Toothless didn't need the vanity anyway. He was content as long as Hiccup was.

Hiccup smiled as Snotlout stood up and began trying to come up with a song that would tell of their greatness for generations. It came out horribly.

But, behind Hiccup's smile was a darkened mind. Yes he was concerned about the serpents, but now was the real challenge.

\_In the North lie the Black Army, and in their Temple is the gate.\_

He had no doubts that his friends were great Vikings. But, there were only six of them, if you include Hiccup as a Viking and six dragons if you count the Zippleback as two.

They had an entire army standing between them and their destination.

"Gods it's cold," Astrid said sitting next to Hiccup and leaning against Toothless. She had abandoned Stormfly who was busy preening herself again.

"Yeah, I'm starting to miss Berk," Hiccup said.

Astrid gave a small giggle. She like all the other Vikings, even

Fishlegs this time, was drunk. But, not like they were a few nights ago.

"So what's next?" She asked.

Hiccup didn't know how to respond. He decided that they should enjoy every victory they had.

"Eh, we'll deal with it when the time comes," Hiccup replied.

Astrid shrugged. "I just hope it's something I can swing my new axe at."

"Me too. I've been dying to see you guys use these things." He regretted using the word "dying" right after he had said it.

"Yeah, you did a really good job," She said as she moved closer to him and placed her head on his shoulder.

Hiccup enveloped her in his fur blanket. They sat there for a short while, watching the flames dance.

The dragons had drifted to sleep. After all, they had done the real fighting.

A strong, cold breeze came from the South pushing the boat slightly faster.

\_It's almost like the gods want me to die as soon as possible.\_

Other than the fear of arriving at their destination to Hiccup, the breeze also brought with it frigid cold.

Ruffnut had forgotten her blanket at home and for the past few nights had been sleeping with Astrid in her ridiculously over sized blanket.

"Damn," She whispered as she drew her body inward trying to hold on to every bit of warmth she could get.

Tuffnut was going to offer to allow her in his blanket (hatred or not they were family, twins no less) but before he could...

"Here Ruff, you can take mine," Snotlout said.

Snotlout didn't realize it but Hiccup and Tuffnut were giving him strange looks. Hiccup had never seen Snot do one kind thing to anyone. Especially not to himself.

"Thanks but I'm fine," Ruff replied.

Another gust.

Ruff couldn't help herself as she practically dove under Snotlout's blanket finding immediate warmth.

Snot blushed as they were drawn close together. So did Ruffnut.

Tuffnut saw what was going on and wasn't happy. That was his sister!

With his best friend!

Snot looked to his friend. He gave an apologetic look.

Tuffnut's initial anger subsided and he gave his friend a wink.

Snotlout silently thanked him.

For the next few moments the Vikings lied around the fire and talked and laughed together.

Hiccup wished he could relive that moment everyday until the end of his life. Just one chance to go back and bask in the friendship that they all held that moment.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III would forever remember that eve before the one of the most dangerous things he would ever do.

For it was on that eve, that Hiccup decided that he loved every one of them. That he would die for anyone there.

He decided then that he could believe he had friends because they were there in front of him.

Hiccup drifted to sleep with a smile on his face surrounded by the people he loved.

He felt confident that when tomorrow came he could... NO! Would protect them and that they would get what they came for.

## 15. Chapter 15

**\*\*Quick chapter. I was tired when I wrote this so don't expect anything great but it keeps the story moving. Next chapter it should pick up again.\*\***

**\*\*And as for Onska it's Swedish for Wish and Onde is Swedish for evil one.\*\***

**\*\*So I named the characters after their occupation. Sue me.\*\***

**\*\*Thanks again for the reviews and constructive criticism.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 15<p>

"Define 'Army'," Snotlout said.

"An army is a land based military branch of..." Hiccup began sarcastically, in a desperate attempt to defuse the situation.

"Shut up! You know what I mean!" Snotlout interrupted.

"Well not much is known about the Black Army." Hiccup began. "The few who make it past the serpents usually get killed by the Army."

Well that did little to inspire confidence.

He continued. "But, the very few who have made it past the Army and made the wish have described the Army of being made of gray skinned creatures who walk upright and speak similarly to us."

"And how many are there?" Ruffnut asked.

"Well, enough to make an Army." Hiccup replied with his nervous smile.

They all walked away. All but Astrid.

"Do you think we stand a chance?" She asked.

"In a head on battle? Not in the least. We need to do what no other Viking had ever done to their enemy."

Astrid looked him.

"Outthink them," He said.

"Well, I hope you know that we'll be relying on you for that."

"Don't worry I'll think of something."

"I'll try and see if I can raise morale a bit."

"Thank you,"

She left to try and talk the others into staying the course.

Hiccup and Toothless looked out over the bow of the ship towards the North.

\_Odin help us.\_

Meanwhile in the North

"My Lord!" The messenger yelled as he ran into the Hall.

"What is it?" He said angrily. He was in no mood.

"The Oracle has seen something. She needs you immediately!"

The Lord of the Black Army stood and began walking fast to the Oracle's Temple.

Suddenly he was interested.

Lord Onde arrived with the messenger at the Temple.

"What is it you have seen?" Onde asked.

"He's coming," The Oracle said ominously.



The Oracle was a shriveled old... female of their species. No one would call it a woman because women are not hideous or unloving like this thing.

"Who's coming?" Onde asked. He was a large goblin. Goblins didn't have facial hair but if he had it, it would be standing on end. Even he as brave as he was, knew to feel fear when the Oracle talked so strangely.

"The Iron Walker," she said with a hiss.

Onde felt a twinge of fear go through him. He knew the story.

A human would come from the South and choose whether or not to destroy the Goblin race and civilization. No one knew how big he would be but he would be different than any of the other humans they had seen.

"That can't be," Onde said choking the fear out of his speech.

"It is," She replied. "And he's already slain the two Masters.

"What?"

The human have been trying to break through to their Temple.

Some have succeeded but none have ever been able to kill the masters.

"Yes, he is mightier than anyone can imagine."

\_Whoever this warrior is, I will kill him myself. No matter how powerful.\_

Back with Hiccup

Hiccup fell as he walked to the stern carrying a basket of fish for the dragons.

"Stupid, iron foot," He mumbled to himself.

The swaying boat didn't help much.

He got up and brushed off his new found and frequently injured pride and continued to the stern.

"Please tell me you've thought of something," Fishlegs said slightly startling Hiccup.

For someone so big he certainly was quiet.

"Uh. Yeah. Just working out some kinks," Hiccup lied.

"Good cause I've read what these things do to prisoners and it's not fun,"

\_Seriously? Is there something you haven't read?\_

"Don't worry," Hiccup said. "Nothing will happen to us," Hiccup gave

as confident of a smile as he could.

Fishlegs felt more at ease and returned to doing whatever it was doing.

Hiccup didn't like idea of having to instill confidence in people. To do that you usually have to have a bit of you own.

He shook his head.

\_Damn family business.\_

## 16. Chapter 16

**\*\*This chapter sets the stage for the epic battle that will take place in the next chapter.\*\***

**\*\*This is where I leave it up to you to decide who the villain in the story should be. Because after this chapter there are three excellent candidates.\*\***

**\*\*Thnaks for the reviews.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 16<p>

Hiccup hid in the clouds over looking the largest island in the archipelago. He and Toothless effortlessly glided over the clouds scouting out the safest route into the enemy's territory.

Just a half an hour ago they had spotted land and immediately turned and got just out of the range of sight of the island and held position.

Hiccup took to the air to scout for a landing point past any of their lookouts.

In retrospect, maybe it wasn't such a good idea to send the \_Night\_Fury out to spy on the enemy in the middle of the day.

But, Hiccup and Toothless were the best flyers.

"Hmmm," Hiccup murmured.

The islands were all separated by water that was just about swimmable from the central island.

But, the Goblins had connected the islands using large wooden bridges big enough for four of them to march across.

The largest one was at the center with one island to the East, one to the West and one to the North.

Each one had an important looking building on it.

Hiccup stared at the large one for a moment and came to the conclusion that that was its political center.

The western appeared to be a trading place. There was a large market. Food, clothing some weapons. It also seemed like the majority of any of their valuables were kept there.

In the East, it looked like that was where they kept their entire shipping fleet as well as their armory and forge.

In the North was what Hiccup was searching for. It had to be their religious center.

It was given a lot of room from all the other buildings on the island and it appeared... cleanest. The rest of the islands looked like they had been crapped on by dragons, not burnt by them like Berk.

All the bridges were connected to the Political Island. Hiccup had to name them to keep an easier track.

One could not get from Military to Religion without going through Politics.

Hiccup saw some symbolism there but didn't feel like figuring it out at the moment.

He was devising a plan. There had to be a way.

Later that night.

"There's no way of flying all of us in without being spotted," Hiccup announced as he and his friends prepared for battle.

"But...", Astrid said.

"But, being spotted isn't a big deal."

"As much of a fan I am of a frontal assault," Snotlout said. "We're no match for an Army."

"True," Hiccup said. "But do you remember how the dragons would conduct raids?"

"Yeah," Ruffnut said. "They'd come in, burn shit, take what they needed and left."

"Exactly, there was no grand invasion, no huge announcement, it was a quick decisive strike to shock the enemy, us, followed by a short battle to secure what they came for and then they disappeared."

"So you want us to raid them?" Tuffnut asked.

"Not exactly," Hiccup answered. "We're gonna build on the general concept,"

Hiccup took time to explain the layout of the islands.

"Okay so, their entire economy, if there is any is based in the West." Hiccup explained. "Any treasure they have is there. I saw them moving some large chests during my scouting."

"So we are raiding them," Tuffnut repeated.

"No but, that is where we're going to start the attack." Hiccup said.

"Why not just attack the North in be done with it?" Snot asked.

"Because we would have to deal with a counter attack," Astrid answered.

"Exactly," Hiccup said. "Here's how it'll work: Snot you'll fly right onto any building you choose and light a fire."

"Oh, thank you," Snot said getting excited.

"As soon as it's lit I want you back in the air until our next move. Astrid wait until the villagers realize what's going on. Then land in the streets far from the initial fire and start wreaking havoc."

Astrid nodded trying not to let her excitement get the best of her.

"Ruffnut and Tuffnut," Hiccup continued. "I want you guys to make a few gas pockets around wherever Astrid and Snot haven't already hit. After there's enough of them, then go back and ignite them."

"Yes!" They exclaimed in unison. They couldn't bicker at a time like this. They were far to giddy about going into battle.

"Fish," Hiccup went on. "I want you to stay hidden while this is going on,"

Fishlegs seemed disappointed. It was every Viking's dream, even the kindest, to go into battle and slay as many enemies as they could. He couldn't believe that they were making him sit it out.

"Snot, after Astrid secures a place in the streets go join her in wrecking the village a bit more."

"Why are we doing this anyway?" Astrid asked confused.

"The islands are all connected by bridges to the central island. They're going to rush to protect the treasures if we can make them believe that's what we want. If we can force the bulk of their warriors onto the Market Island we can cut them off because all of their ships are on their Military Island. They'll be trapped there."

"And how do you plan on destroying the bridge?" Fishlegs asked.

"Well, I'm gonna dive bomb it. But, I need you to make sure it breaks." Hiccup said laying a hand on the massive boy's shoulder.

Fishlegs smiled. He did have a role in this battle after all.

"Start getting ready." Hiccup said to his friends. "These guys won't know what hit them."

In the Temple

"The Market Island," The Oracle said. "It will be a ploy. A ploy to cut off the rest of the army."

Onde smiled a gruesome and disgusting smile. "Have all the treasures moved to the Hall," He ordered a subordinate. "And close the bridge. Tell the merchants to prepare for battle."

"You're going to leave the merchants to fend for themselves?" Sjuka asked stepping from the shadows.

"I hate it when you do that," Onde said to his advisor.

"Apologies, My Lord," he replied. When Sjuka spoke it was almost sort of a hissing sound. He was skinny and tall quite the opposite to his leader.

"To your question, yes the merchants should have to prove themselves useful."

"Very well, My Lord."

In his deepest thought Onde feared Sjuka. In a fight, Onde could defeat as if he were fighting a youngling. But, Sjuka was more ruthless than any other Goblin or Viking to walk Midgard. Just a few years ago they had caught a group of brave adventurers trying to make their wish. The cries of pain were so terrible and so prolonged that the guards who heard them killed themselves out of fear and guilt.

But, he was wise as well. Only he chose to hold a regular audience with the Oracle and was held in high favor with her.

"So it is truly the day that he comes," Sjuka stated walking around the Temple admiring the walls filled with prophecies.

Men may have been given dominion over the rest of this world, but in the Goblins small corner they held the key to predicting the future.

"Yes it is," Onde sighed.

"Have you thought of sending an emissary? Maybe ask this warrior to spare our civilization?" Sjuka asked.

"Of course not. I will not plead and beg to avoid something bound to happen!"

"It is said he will chose to destroy us or not to. You can try and stop him but if he wishes to he will. There is power in persuasion."

This was all true. It was not at all set in stone that they would be destroyed.

"I will not tarnish the bravery of our people with such cowardice." Onde said.

"Very well," Sjuka said uninterested. "If we do win I have one favor

to ask of you My Kind Lord."

Onde gestured for him to speak.

"If he is to be taken alive I want him," Sjuka said. "If he is such a powerful warrior, I want to see how long it takes me to make him cry."

Onde smiled. Sometimes Sjuka's cruelty came in use.

He nodded.

Just for entertainment's sake he had to capture this great warrior now.

## 17. Chapter 17

**\*\*This is where the battle begins. This not gonna be the most exciting chapter but the coming ones, you should expect a lot more.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 17<p>

"Is everybody ready?" Hiccup asked his friends as he placed his own helmet on his head.

There was a collective "yes".

Hiccup had placed his own armor on. It was similar to that of his father's. The chain mail was like his father's in its dragon scale design. But, this covered Hiccup's chest and across his chest was a black sash.

He looked just as Viking as any one of his friends.

"Here," Hiccup said to Astrid. "I know how much you enjoy kicking your enemies so I mad you these." He presented her with two metal boot coverings. They slid right over the top of her foot and were still flexible enough to mover her ankle.

"Thanks," Astrid said and kissed him. It was long.

"Uh- hum," Ruffnut said.

"Yeah," Hiccup said awkwardly. "We still got that whole... battle thing."

"Right," Astrid replied just as awkwardly. "Just, stop making so many nice gifts. I still have to get you something in return for the axe."

"No you don't. That's the point of \_gifts\_."

Speaking of gifts he had one for himself.

Hiccup walked over to a bag that he had not opened since their journey began.

Out of it he pulled his crossbow.

"What in the name of Odin's Beard is that thing?" asked Tuffnut.

"I don't know what I'm going to call it yet. But, I ripped off from the Romans. Sort of." Hiccup answered.

"What does it do?" Astrid asked.

"Hopefully," Hiccup said. "You'll get to see soon."

Hiccup couldn't help himself.

Yes, all his life he was the definition of non-Viking, but he still was a Viking. The yearning for battle flowed through his blood. He relished the idea of going to war with his friends by his side.

"I want to thank all of you for coming with me," Hiccup said. "None of you needed to. So... you know... thanks."

"Oh come on," Snot said. "Don't get all sappy now. You make it sound like some last stand. Let's go pillage."

Hiccup smiled at his cousin and then at everyone else. He mounted Toothless as the other Vikings mounted their own dragons.

"You do know this is crazy, right?" Astrid said smiling.

"Eh, we're Vikings. Crazy is what we do." Hiccup smiled. "I'll see you all soon."

I promise.

They took off heading straight for the islands.

The Islands

"Are the ships in position?" Onde asked.

"Aye, My Lord," replied Bryr, Onde's second in command.

"Good,"

"Sir?" Bryr began. "Are you sure there's no other way to trap this man. I mean we're risking so many of the merchants."

"Yes, yes, but what are a few traders compared to the good of the civilization? Besides, all of the treasure has been brought to safe keeping here."

"I know but..." Bryr started.

"Enough, old friend," Onde said walking toward his friend and putting his massive hand on his shoulders. "You think too much,"

Bryr relaxed somewhat.

"Now, go prepare for a day of glory," Onde said releasing his second

in command. "Today we kill a prophecy."

With Hiccup

He drifted in the air higher than any of his friends.

He looked to his cousin and nodded.

Snotlout shot from the sky and aimed for the village. He and Hookfang landed on a building in the far east part of the village and Hookfang roared loudly.

The Goblins fled in horror.

She let out a stream of sticky liquid fire. It landed on the buildings all around them. It clung to them and burned brightly.

Snotlout immediately took to the air again.

Some Goblins were brave enough to go back and start to fight the flames.

Astrid took it as her cue. Her and Stormfly landed in the western part of the island.

Snotlout had made a truly strategic decision in attacking the east, near the bridge. When the reinforcements arrived they wouldn't be able to overcome them very fast.

Stormfly let loose a volley of poisonous spikes that killed five Goblins that tried to rush them.

Next they used the hottest fire in the dragon world to burn nearby buildings.

The twins acted next.

They flew over the northern part of the town spraying gas in small pockets of the town. As they rounded back for their igniting run Snotlout joined Astrid on the western front and began spraying fire on everything.

The explosions started and the soon most of the town was in flames and all the villagers were trying their best to make it across the closed bridge.

Fishlegs took up position...

\_Wait! Why is the bridge blocked?\_

Hiccup realized there was something wrong.

He watched as Fishlegs got ready to finish off the bridge after the dive bomb.

Hiccup looked north.

\_Oh no.\_



There were five ships going around to the western part of the island.

"You've got to be kidding me," Hiccup said to himself.

The boats landed.

Hiccup hadn't announced his presence yet.

And he wouldn't. He needed to see how this went.

And even though, Hiccup sat high in the sky blending perfectly with the night sky, he couldn't shake a strange feeling that he was being watched.

## 18. Chapter 18

**\*\*This chapter was really fun to write because I personally enjoy a dark hero. Something Hiccup is far from. But, I was able to give him a short badass moment and the first character to...\*\***

**\*\*You know what you read it.\*\***

**\*\*Thanks again for the very positive comments.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 18<p>

The warriors on the boats leapt off and rushed for where the Vikings had all gathered and begun to wreak havoc.

They didn't see them coming and were surrounded in no time.

Astrid, Snotlout and the Thorstons were surrounded.

Hiccup remained in the air.

Fishlegs watched as his friends were surrounded by these sickly grey skinned creatures.

He remained where he was.

The Vikings put up a fight but were overrun and captured.

Fishlegs couldn't stand it anymore.

He and Meatlug flew right into the fray.

"What are you doing Fish?" Hiccup asked from his position high in the night sky.

Meatlug released two fiery explosions into the Goblin ranks and looked like they might have hope.

But, before anymore could be launched ropes were thrown over the Gronkle and her rider and they were dragged to the ground. The Goblins even had enough brains to douse the dragon's head with water.

Hiccup could see his friends and knew they were expecting him to come in and save the day.

But, Hiccup was a tactician and held himself back.

He knew that if he scared the Goblins now with a dive bomb they would probably just kill his friends and right now they were better off prisoners.

A few minutes passed a larger Goblin walked up to his friends who were being held by a group of soldiers.

Hiccup frowned.

\_Look what you've done you idiot.\_

On the ground

"So which one of you is it?" Bryr asked.

The Vikings gave a confused stare.

"Well? Who is the Iron Walker?"

Well that didn't help.

"What are you talking about?" Snotlout asked genuinely.

"The Iron Walker," Bryr said. "The destroyer of our civilization. The human who is said to choose whether we stay on this Earth or not."

"Oh so this is a pessimistic society?" Fishlegs asked. Even now all he wanted to do is learn.

Bryr looked at him and sneered but decided to let that go.

It was true. For the normal Goblin there wasn't much to be happy about.

Bryr looked over all the Vikings until...

"You," he said to Astrid.

"Me?" She asked.

"Yes. You're the Iron Walker." He said.

"How would you know that?" Astrid asked.

He pointed to her shoes which now had the metal coverings that Hiccup had given her.

She looked down. She thought it over.

"I'm going to kill him," she mumbled.

"Send this lot to Onde. He'll pass judgment." Bryr commanded.

With Hiccup

"Oh thank Odin," Hiccup let out.

They weren't going to be killed.

Yet.

Hiccup would have to think of a way to free them and soon.

But at the moment, he had to find out who was watching him.

He looked east. There were several ships missing from the island. Hiccup mentally screamed at himself for missing such a detail.

Then he looked north and saw that the whole island was dark except for one torch.

He squinted and saw a small figure standing outside the Temple.

Was it looking at him?

He swayed to the right and it shifted with him.

"One way to find out," Hiccup said to Toothless who was already on edge from being actually able to see the thing.

Hiccup and Toothless headed north.

As they approached the figure turned and went into the Temple and began to light some of the other torches in the building. Hiccup didn't know what to expect as he landed in front of the building.

He dismounted Toothless and drew the crossbow from where he clipped it to the saddle. He also grabbed one of the quivers he had full of short black arrows.

He loaded it and stepped cautiously into the Goblin Temple.

He looked around and saw that the walls were covered in strange and crude drawings. Most had the same word under them.

At least Hiccup assumed it was word. He would wager that it was written in their own dialect but didn't know what it meant. For the most part they looked like stories of heroes of the Goblins. Others seemed to be warnings.

He saw one lacking the word.

The drawing was that of a human. Unlike the others which depicted Goblins. This human appeared large and dangerous and all around him were blue flames with two strange green dots behind him.

But there was one feature that really struck him.

The warrior had one foot that seemed to be in a boot. The other looked like it was steel or...

"Iron Walker," came a voice from a short distance away. It was a small but nonetheless unsettling voice.

Hiccup turned a bit startled. Toothless bared his fangs and took up a defensive position next to his friend.

"Who... What are you?" Hiccup asked pointing the crossbow at the shriveled old woman staring at him with intent eyes.

"You certainly aren't like any human we've ever seen." She said. "You're much smaller. Much... weaker. Hard to believe you'll be the one to decide our fate."

"What are you talking about?"

"You don't see yourself?" she said pointing to the painting. "A vision that is yet to come to fruition"

So that's what the word under all the paintings meant.

"No," Hiccup said. "He's a little bloated," This was an understatement.

"That foot of yours,"

"I'm sure there are plenty of other Vikings with metal feet,"

"That foot defines you. It defines you as the Viking who will decide our fate. But that is not all. You are destined for what your people consider greatness."

"What are you?" Hiccup repeated.

"I am the Oracle, of this Temple. I have seen the future and while I have not seen much past this day, what I have seen is a human who will do things even the gods will not believe."

"That's great and all," Hiccup said. "But, do you know what will happen to my friends?"

"I have not seen anything concerning your friends." The Oracle smiled. "But I saw what happened to them, and I can make an assumption." She paused. "They're going to die. Painfully. I have never seen pain so gruesome as when it is yielded by Sjuka."

"Sjuka? He's in charge here?" Hiccup asked. Worry slipped into his voice as he was becoming frantic to find a way to save his friends from such a terrible fate.

The Oracle just smiled an uglier smile. She even laughed. "No, but he will make your friends regret the day they ever set foot on our islands. And I will enjoy watching every minute of it."

This made Hiccup furious. He flipped the lever in his crossbow and the blade slid out and locked into place.

The Oracle laughed more. "You will not kill me Iron Walker."

"Really? What's stopping me?" Hiccup asked though gritted teeth.

"I don't know but I have seen this day. And you will not kill me. And

my visions have never been wrong."

Hiccup folded the blade into his crossbow.

"Normally," Hiccup began. "I don't have a problem breaking tradition, but in this case I'll make an exception. So I won't kill you."

The Oracle smiled victoriously.

"But, nothing's stopping my dragon." Hiccup said with his own dark smile.

The Oracle's smile fled from her ugly face.

Before she could beg for mercy or yell she was hit by the blue fireball.

She flew a few feet and smashed into a pillar. Her smoldering corpse slid to the floor.

Hiccup and Toothless turned and exited the Temple. They mounted up.

Time to find their friends.

## 19. Chapter 19

**\*\*This is the first time I'm having a POV from the dragons. As well as a villain pretty much. The next chapter is going to be a good one but I think this one is pretty damn good too.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 19<p>

Bryr walked toward the Temple after he had ordered the Vikings to face Onde.

His conscience would not leave him be.

They were children. They may be humans but he could tell they were young. It bothered him. He had given them to Onde.

There was no Goblin more loyal than Bryr. But, his loyalty was to do what is right. Mainly what is right for his people but morally as well.

He knew that Onde would give them to Sjuka.

Sjuka. Sickly.

He was a small and disgusting worm. He always advised for the harshest actions to be taken in all matters. And Lord Onde lent his ear to the man far too many times.

Bryr had a deep hatred for Sjuka.

Before he had the hatred he voiced his opposition to Sjuka's plan to send a war party to raid the Saxons. Bryr argued that if that were to

happen the Saxons would retaliate and find them. Bryr pointed out the fact that tgey were much smaller than any of the nations of Man.

"For the good of the people we cannot act in such a careless way,"

It was one of the few times that Sjuka had been ignored.

He wouldn't stand for it.

During a recent famine, there were many for the goblins, Sjuka had advised to the Lord of Goblins that there should be an important sacrifice to Loki.

A family.

Bryr's family.

Onde thought that would be best as well. In the night they came for his wife and daughter.

Bryr protested. He fought. But he was beaten down.

And with a cruel smile Sjuka gave him one comforting statement.

"It's for the good of the people,"

Sjuka knew the sacrifice would do nothing. It was to teach Bryr a lesson. Onde had since apologized for what happened to his family but Sjuka thought that they were justified to do anything they could to ease the suffering of the people.

Bryr felt a blinding anger pass over him.

He had handed over children, children of a different species mind you but children nonetheless, to that monster.

A black flash flew amazingly fast over his head.

\_What was that?\_

Bryr became very aware of his surroundings.

He smelt burning flesh. He began running toward the Temple.

He entered and gasped at the sight of the Oracle lying on the floor burnt to death.

This could not be happening. He turned and began sprinting toward the Hall.

With the other Vikings

"I knew he'd run at the first sight of a fight," Snotlout said as they stood together a little ways off from their captors. They were waiting for this Onde character to come and "pass judgment".

"I'm sure he has a reason," Astrid said clinging to hope.

"And what would that be?" Tuff asked.

"I don't know, but if Hiccup would fight a dragon the size of an island don't you think he'd fight an army if he there wasn't a good reason not to."

They all fell silent.

"I thought so," Astrid said.

\_Where the hell are you?\_

With the dragons

"\*\*He'd better have a good reason for not dive bombing these little monsters," \*\*Hookfang said disgruntled.

"\*\*I'm sure he does,"\*\* Stormfly replied. \*\*"Toothless wouldn't just abandon us."\*\*

"\*\*Really?"\*\* Sparks said. \*\*"And why would that be? We've never given him a reason to,"\*\*

It was true. In a way Toothless was exactly like Hiccup.

They were both outcasts.

Hiccup because he was frail, weak, and thought differently.

Toothless was stronger, faster, smarter, and more frightening than any other dragon.

"\*\*Yes,"\*\* Gazzy continued. \*\*"Maybe you don't remember all the nights Toothless spent alone outside the Nest."\*\*

They all had feared him then.

No part of the Nest would welcome the Night Fury. Most nights he would spend in the cold by himself outside the cave. While the other dragons were packed together in the volcano.

"\*\*We all remember those days,"\*\* Meatlug said. \*\*"But, even if Toothless wished to abandon us to our fate, it's no longer his choice. That boy will free us. So for right now I say we all get some sleep."\*\*

With that Meatlug fell into a deep slumber.

"\*\*That Night Fury better show up soon,"\*\* Hookfang said. \*\*"I don't think we'll be taken care for very long here."\*\*

With Hiccup

Hiccup flew over the islands looking for some sign of his friends.

He saw a large gathering of Goblins in a field on the center island.

There were two groups. One made surrounding the Vikings another the dragons.

There was a very large Goblin making his way through the crowds. He obviously held some authority.

Behind him there was a smaller Goblin. He seemed to move with glee shrouded in the seriousness of the situation.

With the Vikings

"So this is the famous Iron Walker?" Onde asked as he approached the Vikings.

There was that name again.

"I was not expecting a female," Onde said.

"Nor was I My Lord," Sjuka said.

Onde walked up to Astrid and grabbed her face and examined her.

"Very young," Onde observed.

Astrid defiantly sneered at him.

"I hope that doesn't hinder any plans you have for them, Sjuka."

"It shouldn't My Lord," Sjuka said.

"Good. Have them moved to the beach on the eastern island. You can begin whenever you like. What do you plan on doing with them?" Onde gestured to the dragons.

"I'm sure they feel pain," Sjuka said with a smile.

"If you even touch Hookfang, you sick little fuck, I will make you taste your own testicles!" Snotlout threatened.

Sjuka walked over to the restrained Viking.

"I do hope there is some bite to that bark," Sjuka said. "Or will you cry first?"

Snotlout tried to head butt Sjuka but he moved back just in time.

"I will have much fun this night," Sjuka smiled.

They began the short trek to the beach.

Onde had decided to go back to the Hall to celebrate.

Sjuka and a group of soldiers went to torture the Vikings.

They arrived at the beach and were tied to posts in the sand. The dragons were tied down as well.

With Hiccup



He looked down at his friends who were lined up facing a slender Goblin.

This Goblin appeared to be enjoying this. He strode back and forth looking over all his captives.

He was relishing at the opportunity to cause so much pain to such famed warriors.

Hiccup got angrier and angrier. He didn't know why but the more threatened his friends seemed the more hatred he felt for whoever this was.

Sjuka. He'd bet anything it's him.

A common soldier came forward carrying a bundle and lied it down at Sjuka's feet.

It was the Vikings' weapons.

The Vikings

"I'm going to start off using your own weapons," Sjuka started. "Just because I like the irony."

"You have no idea," Ruffnut mumbled.

"What was that my dear?" Sjuka said to her.

"I said: Fuck you!"

"Very well then," Sjuka said. "Be difficult."

Sjuka picked up a large axe.

"This belongs to you," he said to Astrid. "There's nothing more demoralizing than a frightened leader, Iron Walker."

"I'm going to kill you," Astrid said with venom. "I promise."

"Oh are you now?" Sjuka said smugly. He looked over the axe.

Astrid had left the rounded end in her axe and concealed the spikes.

He suddenly struck her in the gut with the end of her own axe.

Despite Astrid being Astrid she couldn't help the sound of air leaving her body and her doubling over in pain.

With Hiccup

That did it.

He could sit through a lot but he was not about to have some disgusting Goblin beating his girlfriend with a gift he made her.

Hiccup threw caution to the wind.

Hiccup wanted to kill everything on the beach. His Viking instinct kicked in and he was going to let kick a whole lot of something else.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>That's right! Pissed off Hiccup! I can't wait for the results.<strong>

## 20. Chapter 20

\*\*Pissed off Hiccup. Beaten villain. New mysterious character.\*\*

\*\*I really enjoyed writing this.\*\*

\*\*Please enjoy reading.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 20<p>

There was a noise.

A loud siren like sound and suddenly a blue explosion on the beach.

Three Goblin warriors lay dead in the sand and even more were trying to recover. It struck so fast. There is no way anything could move so quickly.

The Vikings began to smile and the dragons grew smirks of their own.

Another explosion killing several more warriors.

"What is that thing?" Sjuka asked cowardly to the Vikings.

"That would be a Night Fury." Astrid answered. "And riding it is my very..."

Another sound. Another explosion.

A Goblin ran by the group on fire trying desperately to make it to the water.

Astrid shook her head and made a "That has to hurt," face.

"...\_very\_ pissed off boyfriend." She ended with a smile.

"How do i make him stop?" Sjuka asked becoming more and more terrified.

"Why would I want him to stop?" Astrid replied. "He'll probably keep going 'til everyone of you is dead."

"What if I just kill you first?" Sjuka said drawing his knife. He was

going to die he was going to take these insolent little brats with him.

He began to walk toward Astrid. He had a cruel smile on. He may not be able to have all the fun he wanted to, but at least he would have some.

Sjuka hadn't realized the explosions had stopped.

He froze and dropped his knife. He backed away from the posts with a look of absolute terror on his face. He tripped and fell as he retreated.

Out of the dark came a large figure flying in from the Ocean. It had angry green eyes and razor sharp teeth. Its sleek black body was tense and was holding back a rage that wanted to rip Sjuka apart.

Atop it was another young Viking. He dismounted and as he slid from the saddle Sjuka noticed that one of his feet was made of metal.

He stepped in front of the dragon as he ignited a small blue fire in his mouth.

"No," Sjuka said in disbelief.

Before him stood a Viking with a foot made of Iron. And he was silhouetted by the blue fire behind him and above his head were the green dots of his dragon's eyes.

"The Iron Walker," Sjuka let out.

"I'm not entirely sure about the job description for that," The Iron Walker said. "But, apparently it means that I'm pretty feared around here."

Sjuka was speechless. He sat in the sand praying for mercy.

"Are you Sjuka?" Hiccup asked.

Sjuka's heart stopped. How did he know his name?

"Well," Hiccup persisted.

Sjuka nodded.

Hiccup scowled. "I thought so,"

"Please My Lord," Sjuka began to plead. "Do not punish me for following orders. Onde wished commanded me to kill them."

"From what the Oracle told me," Hiccup said. "You enjoy your job a lot."

Sjuka's heart sank. "The Oracle? She is?"

"Was." Hiccup interrupted.

"Was?" Sjuka asked. "Oh dear gods. She's..."

Hiccup nodded.

Sjuka could not believe what he was hearing. If the Oracle was dead then so was their culture. Their society based itself off the wisdom of the Oracle.

"So tell me why you should live," Hiccup continued.

"Please be merciful My Great Lord," Sjuka begged.

"Would you have been to my friends?" Hiccup asked.

Sjuka had never felt such fear in his heart.

Hiccup turned and walked over to Astrid and drew his knife.

"Sorry I'm late," Hiccup said while he cut the ropes binding her to the post. "I didn't want to risk them killing you on the spot."

"Better late than never," She said with a smile.

The ropes fell.

Astrid began to help Hiccup untie the other Vikings and their dragons.

They recovered their weapons. Sjuka just sat too frightened to move.

"He's all yours," Hiccup said to Astrid.

In the Hall

Onde walked toward the door to look for what was happening.

The loud sound. The explosions. What was going on?

Just as he reached the door he was met by Bryr.

He was out of breath. He looked like he had bad news.

"What is wrong?" Onde asked him.

"The Oracle... she's..." Bryr let out between breaths.

"She is what?" Onde asked. His concern was growing.

"Dead," Bryr said.

Onde felt as if he had been hit in the chest.

The Oracle did not pass on her gift. And if she was dead...

"Everyone get ready! We will show this Iron Walker who she is dealing with,"

"The girl is not the Iron Walker," Bryr said. "There must be another,"

"I don't care who it is they die tonight," Onde said.

"Onde." Bryr addressed him so casually. How dare he? "Maybe we can negotiate a deal,"

"You would have me grovel to this... human." Onde said.

"No but we must think of some sort of alternative."

"Forget it," Onde said. "We will fight."

Bryr reached out and grabbed his friend's arm.

"We can't die because of your..."

Bryr had not even seen Onde grab his knife. But it was too late.

Onde dug the knife deep into his friend's chest.

"I told you old friend," Onde said with only a small twinge of sadness in his voice. "You think too much."

Bryr staggered back into a wall and slid to the ground. A look of shock still on his face from his friend's betrayal.

Onde rallied his troops and sent them towards the eastern island.

He walked away not even glancing back to see the fate of the man who had stood by him since his coronation.

The knife protruded from Bryr's chest. It felt a white hot pain that nearly immobilized him. All he could do now is push himself to get back to the Temple.

At the Temple

The young looking man examined the room.

He looked over at the dead Oracle and then at one of the paintings.

\_Finally, a human worth watching.\_

The mysterious man walked over to the entrance of the Temple and gazed out at the other islands.

"I do hope you make it out of this young Haddock," the man said. "The last century has been such a bore. I desperately need something different."

He used his great vision to watch all the way from his point to the eastern island to see Hiccup free his friends.

"Someone worth watching indeed." The man repeated out loud.

This boy had thrown the whole of existence out of order. That would explain why the Oracle could not see her own demise.

"Who knows? Maybe you'll even help me piss off my brother."

The man looked to the West. There was a storm gathering.

He smiled. "Maybe that's already done."

With Hiccup

Astrid spent the next minute beating Sjúka as he cried and wailed like a child.

When he had no power he was as useless a warrior as Hiccup used to be.

Actually, scratch that. Hiccup was beaten and bullied every day. But, he took it. He never carried on. When he did cry he did it in private. This coward had no pride and no dignity.

Finally, Hiccup stepped in.

"Alright Astrid," He said. "That's enough. I have some questions and I need him to be conscious."

Astrid let up and shrugged. "Okay, I've had my fun."

She gave him a last kick to the ribs.

Hiccup walked over to the crying form that was once the embodiment of fear and torture.

"So, Sjúka are you going to just answer my questions?"

He nodded.

## 21. Chapter 21

\*\*I'm so close to finishing this story and getting to move on to other ones. This chapter was pretty fun and even though I didn't put a whole lot of detail into Bryr's story I think he's a pretty good character and plus I needed a little tragedy in the story.\*\*

\*\*I would say about three chapters left but then there'll be a new story in no time. \*\*

\*\*Thanks for the reviews. Enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 21<p>

"Who is Onde?" Hiccup asked looking down at the beaten Goblin.

"He is the Lord of the Goblins. He is in the Great Hall right now. He's bigger than any other Goblin. Huge. Can't miss him." Sjúka said.

"Good to know," Hiccup said. "What he is he going to do next?"

"Launch a counter attack on this island." Sjuka answered obediently and without hesitation.

"Good," Hiccup said. "One last question."

Sjuka looked at his captor.

"Where's the gate?"

Sjuka's face turned to confusion. And then to realization.

"That's why you're here?" Sjuka said in disbelief. "For that?"

"If you're not going to answer me," Hiccup began. "She'll always be happy to help you." He gestured to Astrid who was raring to go another round with the creature that threatened her and her friends.

Sjuka immediately started shaking his head out of fear.

"It's behind the Prophecy of Helten. Three paintings in on the left." Sjuka blurted out quickly.

"Good," Hiccup said. "Alright, Vikings, let's get moving."

They all mounted their dragons and prepared for takeoff.

"You're not going to kill me?" Sjuka asked.

Hiccup shook his head. "You're not worth it."

With that last bitter insult the Vikings took off and Sjuka began to sob. Partially out of relief and partially because of the stinging degradation.

The Vikings headed north. The Temple was not a long flight but on the way they could see the Army gathering.

Not like they had seen before.

All of their warriors had gathered and began the march towards the eastern island. It was a sea of black speckled with flames.

Hiccup just wanted to get this over with.

They landed.

As they entered the Temple the Vikings were thrown off slightly by the sight of the mangled corpse in the corner of the Temple.

"Somebody was busy," Ruffnut observed.

"Well, I had to entertain myself somehow after you guys got captured." Hiccup joked.

They enjoyed a short laugh.

"Wow that's weird," Fishlegs said.

"What's that?" Hiccup asked.

"This painting looks like well... what you just did." Fishlegs said.

"Yeah the Oracle said I was some prophetic being who decided if the Goblins would live or die." Hiccup said.

"Who's the Oracle?" Snotlout asked.

Hiccup pointed toward the corpse.

"Oh." Snotlout said.

Hiccup moved over to the Prophecy of Helten. It was some massive Goblin warrior holding the heads of several Vikings. Hiccup found the word at the bottom

He sighed out of relief. "This already happened,"

The others looked confused but none wanted to ask a question.

He removed the painting from the wall. And sure enough there was a staircase leading downward.

It was dark. The Vikings stood there.

"So who goes first?" Hiccup asked.

They all stared at him.

"Fine," He said.

He grabbed one of the torches the Oracle had lit before her death. Hiccup began descending the stairs toward his goal.

Now he prayed that his friends wouldn't be too pissed at his wish.

With Onde

"What do you mean another?" Onde asked Sjuka.

"Another Viking, with an iron foot. He rode a dragon I have never seen before. It was black as night and produced blue fire." Sjuka said.

Onde was shocked. He had missed the true Iron Walker.

"Where is he headed now?" Onde asked.

"The Temple. He's here for Onska." Sjuka said.

"What?" Onde said. "That's what this is for."

"He was like no human I have ever seen." Sjuka said absent mindedly.

"What do you mean?" Onde asked.



"He was so small. Not much of a warrior. The fact that he led them was a shock in itself."

Onde thought this over. He could remobilize his troops and rush back to the Temple to fight off this strange group of young Vikings. Or...

"Everyone," Onde shouted. "Begin the repairs and put out whatever fires are left. Tend to the wounded and gather the dead."

Onde finished his orders and turned to walk away.

"Where are you going My Lord?" Sjuka asked.

"I'm going to kill this nuisance."

With Hiccup

The Vikings were nearing the end of the staircase. There was a damp feeling in the air. The torch provided just enough light for the Vikings to see the next step in front of them.

Finally there were no more steps. The ground began to flatten.

It was a large cavern. The torch could not illuminate the entire cave but it provided enough light to see there was water just a few feet in front of them.

They heard a low growl.

The dragons began growling themselves.

\_Oh thank the gods.\_ Hiccup thought. \_It's real.\_

With Bryr

Bryr walked toward the Temple.

He must make it there. He had to die in that holy place. It was the only way he could die with any honor.

He would beg for Loki to accept him.

The Goblins did not have a true definition of afterlife, but they did believe Loki had something to do about theirs.

The knife caused him so much pain. The walk was so difficult. Every step hurt and his breath was labored.

The fact that he had made it onto the northern island was a miracle.

He persevered.

Despite the pain from the knife in his chest, despite the pain he felt over his friend's betrayal Bryr smiled.

Death meant only one thing to the man.

He would see his family.

With Hiccup

Hiccup walked forward toward the water.

As Hiccup neared the water he could see there was a small island. And on that island was a dragon looking intently at Hiccup and his friends.

It was larger than even a Nightmare, but not nearly as threatening. It was a deep blue and had golden horns.

It had a look of defeat on its face mixed with a sense of annoyance.

Hiccup frowned at the gods' cruelty. This dragon was here for centuries. It had not flown for such a long time and lived much longer than it should have.

"Onska?" Hiccup said.

The dragon let out an angry growl.

\_Please don't let this be a bad idea.\_

## 22. Chapter 22

\*\*This is the chapter where Hiccup makes the wish. \_Certain\_ \_people\_ and you know who you are have already guessed what that wish might be, but nonetheless here it is. I think that this was a pretty heart warming chapter. I hope you think so.\*\*

\*\*Thanks and enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 22<p>

Onska looked at this group of Vikings.

There were few who made it here to make their wish. But this had to be the oddest she had ever seen.

Especially the one walking towards her with the torch. He was so small.

And his leg.

She had a feeling to where this was going.

Then he stepped into the water.

She immediately stood in a defensive position and growled. Had this tiny human come to \_kill\_ her?

The dragons behind the boy began growling as well.

Other dragons. Few visited her after her imprisonment but she knew her own kind. And what were they doing with the humans.

"What are you doing Hiccup?" The blonde girl with no helmet asked the boy with one leg.

"I know what I'm doing." Hiccup replied.

He did. No one knew dragons like Hiccup.

Onska could not leave the small island at the center of the cavern and neither would her fire. That is why she never struck down any of the other humans that had made it this far.

But if he set foot on her island...

Hiccup continued to wade across the water, toward her, and holding a strange weapon above the water. She didn't know how she knew it was a weapon but it looked dangerous.

She backed up slightly as Hiccup reached her island.

Maybe death wouldn't be so bad.

Hiccup stepped out of the water. He walked forward. All his friends held their breath. Hiccup stood facing the immense dragon.

She growled lowly.

Hiccup looked at his crossbow, turned and chucked to Toothless who swiftly caught and was even able to return it to the saddle.

The growling stopped.

Now, Hiccup reached for the knife around his belt and removed it. He gently tossed away from him. He stood there completely unarmed as he had when he met his best friend.

The dragon looked at him strangely. "\*\*\*What is wrong with this child?\*\*\* Onska said.

"\*\*\*Nothing,"\*\* Toothless said a slightly defensive manner.

A Night Fury. What was going on right now?

Hiccup walked toward Onska. He held a hand out gently. She could not believe what she was seeing.

This sent her into such shock she had to contemplate what she would do.

Then his hand reached her snout. His hands were so soft.

Her eyes shut. All her muscles relaxed. She eased into complete submission.

It had been centuries since she felt the warmth of another living being. Yes the Goblins came down from time to time but they were forbidden by the gods to make any wish or to slay her. They kept their distance and gave her rotted fish.

Now this Viking boy who she did not know came all this way, risked

everything, and overcame insurmountable odds was doing nothing but petting her.

For what felt like Onska hours Hiccup just stood there petting her. She had not been this happy in years. Most humans would make their wish and leave.

Finally the petting ended and Onska looked to Hiccup in a loving way.

"I would like to make a wish," Hiccup said.

Of course. There had to be a wish.

But, for once Onska would not mind granting this wish. The boy was so kind.

She looked at his leg. He deserved a new one.

Hiccup shook his head.

Onska looked confused. She looked at the Night Fury and saw his prosthetic fin.

"\*\*Don't even think about it,\*\*" Toothless said threateningly. She may possess the power of the island, but even she feared the Night Fury.

Onska frowned. He must be another glory seeker. She braced herself for the wish knowing it would ruin the idolization she had for this kind Viking.

"I wish..." Hiccup began.

\_Here we go.\_

"...For your freedom,"

\_For what?\_

Despite the fact that they were underneath the island they could hear the thunder that had struck the sky. It was so loud that one could say it was filled with rage.

On the western island

The mysterious man was rolling on the floor laughing hysterically.

The western island was abandoned at this point.

He could not help himself. The sky in the West was now blanketed with clouds and the lightning struck ferociously. That's what made him.

He stood and wiped a tear from his eye.

"Oh this kid is too much," The man said to himself.

The man had no beard and long black hair. He had a slender build but there was some muscle. His face was handsome and in his eyes was a

constant mischievous look.

There was another strike of lighting.

"Ah-ah Brother. Daddy doesn't want him dead yet." The man said to know one. "And neither do I,"

This Haddock boy was destined to be great. And this man was not about to let his spoiled brother ruin that.

With Hiccup

Onska could not believe what she had heard.

Neither could the Vikings until they thought in over. This was typical Hiccup. Risk his life just to do something kind.

Hiccup turned from the shocked dragon and retrieved his knife and returned it to his belt. He then waded back across to his friends.

Onska followed slowly.

She reached the water and put her paw in. She took a step inward. Then another. She continued until she was on the other side. She was still in shock of the fact that she was now free.

The Vikings and their dragons turned and began to climb the steps. Onska followed them.

The trip up seemed shorter than the trip down.

They reached the top and entered the Temple.

They all filed out. Onska being last.

"So this is why we came?" Snotlout asked.

"I couldn't let some dragon rot for eternity," Hiccup replied.

"Good enough reason for me," Snot said. There were murmurs of agreement.

"So this is the reason you have come here, Iron Walker?" Said a voice near the door.

## 23. Chapter 23

**\*\*Battle time. I know that Hiccup comes out of character a bit here but I don't think it was too bad. The mysterious man is revealed if you haven't already guessed it.\*\***

**\*\*Enjoy.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Chapter 23<p>

Bryr sat propped up against a pillar a short distance from the door.

He wanted to make it to the altar but he just could not go any further.

The Vikings went for their weapons, but then saw the knife protruding from the Goblin's chest.

"An unselfish wish." Bryr said.

"What happened to you?" Snotlout asked the Goblin who had captured them.

Bryr laughed grimly followed by some choking on the blood that was now filling his lungs. "An old friend,"

Hiccup walked over to the Goblin.

"Wait, Hiccup." Astrid said "He could still be dangerous."

"I don't think so," Hiccup replied. He continued toward him. "Who did this to you?"

"Onde," Bryr said.

"Your leader? Why?"

"I questioned his command."

Hiccup was kneeling next to the dying man.

"What was your question?" Hiccup asked

"To negotiate with you." Bryr replied. "To see if there was a way to convince you not to destroy us"

This made Hiccup slightly angry. This man who he didn't know was dying because of him. Because he was looking for a way to keep peace and to keep his people alive.

"Do you have a family?" Hiccup asked.

"Not anymore," Bryr replied.

Hiccup gave him a look that pressed him for details.

Through coughing fits and struggles to stay conscious, Bryr told Hiccup and the other Vikings the story of his family. When it finally ended Bryr looked at the dragon rider with wishful eyes.

"Please, Iron Walker. Have mercy on my people." Bryr begged.

Hiccup was near fuming with anger. But he let it subside so he could respond.

"Your people will be fine," Hiccup said.

Bryr smiled. The pain was leaving. "I can't wait to see my family again,"

With his final words Bryr passed.

Hiccup kneeled there for awhile. He never felt such anger. What kind of sick bastard murders his friend? Or even worse allows his family to be murdered?

"So the traitor made one last attempt to embarrass his people."  
Another voice.

Hiccup looked to the door where there stood a massive Goblin.

Hiccup rose. "Onde?" He asked.

It through the lord off for a moment but he regained his composure.  
"Yes."

"I promise that I am going to kill you." Hiccup said with venom in every word.

Onde laughed. "You? You are nothing. Men!"

From behind Onde came over twenty Goblins that he was able to gather on his way to the Temple. Some of Onde's most zealous followers.

"Kill them!"

With a loud battle cry the Goblins stormed the Temple.

Hiccup aimed and fired hitting a Goblin square in the throat. He retreated to where his friends had formed a small phalanx. He fell in behind while he reloaded his crossbow.

The first Goblin reached their phalanx and was ignited by one of Fishlegs' explosive porcelain balls. Fishlegs let out a loud battle cry and broke rank. He waded into the Goblins and smashed everything he saw.

The other Vikings and the dragons couldn't believe what they were seeing. Fishlegs? The kind and caring Viking that never was exactly a big fighter was now crushing the skulls of Goblins.

They shook off the initial awe and gave a shout of their own and joined the fight.

Tuffnut and Ruffnut stayed close. Tuffnut squared up with a Goblin about his size and fought him. He stayed out of the range of Tuff's spear.

"Oh come on stay still!" Tuff exclaimed.

He felt a knock on his helmet. "Hey, moron!" Ruff said. "Remember what these spears do." She said as she removed her own spear from a dead Goblin.

Tuff smiled. He lunged at the Goblin allowing him to slip out of range.

Or at least he thought he did.

Tuff clicked the button. The top of the spear flew out and buried itself in the Goblin's chest. He fell and Tuffnut moved on the next

victim.

Snotlout stood surrounded by five Goblins. He used his hammer and shield to keep them back. The Snotlout did something he almost never did.

He had a good idea.

He swung his hammer toward the Goblin in front of him. As he swung it he clicked the button sending the head of the hammer into the face of the Goblin.

As he did so he twisted his body around swing the chain in a circle. It smashed the head of every Goblin and when he had gone full circle Snotlout saw that they were all dead.

He smiled at his work.

Astrid swung her axe into the torso of a Goblin. Without missing a beat she turned and crushed the skull of another one.

Another stabbed at her with his sword. She effortlessly dodged and moved in close to her enemy and brought the axe over his head and brought it down onto his back.

Not even removing the axe she triggered the release of the spike at the end of her axe. It embedded itself in the throat of a Goblin trying to sneak up behind her.

A Goblin attempted to rush Hiccup. Hiccup had his eyes glued to Onde who hadn't moved since the fight began.

Hiccup released the blade from his crossbow and swung upward slicing right through the jaw bone. The Goblin fell unable to make a sound.

The dragons were enraged by the fact that they could not fight in such close quarters. They could not risk it if one of their massive tails hit one of their riders. Or if the fire would bring the Temple to the ground.

They had to watch as their riders fought their own battle.

All in all the battle lasted five minutes.

None of the Vikings were even injured and by the end Onde stood alone in a fury.

His men were dead. His oracle was dead. His people in fear of this boy with the muscle mass of a sick dog.

"You!" Onde shouted. "I will tear off your head with my own hands!"

Hiccup folded his blade into his crossbow as Onde approached. His crossbow was already loaded.

Onde raised his sword and Hiccup took aim.

He squeezed the trigger.



The arrow found its mark. Onde stopped in his tracks. He fell to his knees with the bolt sticking out of his chest in the same spot in which his own knife had been in Bryr's.

Hiccup approached him seething with rage.

He removed Onde's helmet to look him in the eyes. Onde's eyes were in a lost gaze staring right at the floor.

Hiccup reached for the mighty warrior's hair and pulled it so his head was facing upward.

"Whatever afterlife you might have," Hiccup said. "I hope it's a painful one."

Hiccup removed his knife. The same knife he took with him to find Toothless. He could not use it to kill his best friend.

Hiccup could not use it to slay Toothless because in his eyes he could see the consciousness of a creature that was capable of love.

He did not see it in the monster that knelt before him.

Which made it very easy to place the knife on one side of the lord's throat and slide it across to the other side.

As the Lord of the Goblins fell Hiccup replaced the knife in his belt. He looked to his friends.

"Now we can leave," Hiccup smiled.

All his friends returned his smile.

With the Mysterious Man

He entered the massive hall.

They had all gathered to discuss the growing problem that was Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III.

"You're late," Said the man's brother. A massive man with long blonde hair.

The man waved him off. "There was traffic." No one in the hall was amused by the joke. "Tough crowd."

"Please sit and let us start this." His father said.

The man shrugged "Very well." The man took his seat two places to the right of his father. And next to his proud brother.

The meeting began and they all began to voice their disdain for the young Viking. Some stood for his defense. But none could take opinion against the man's brother. He was so favored by their father none dared. His father sat their trying to stay as indifferent as possible.

Finally the man could no longer take it. He was sick of his brother,

who had sided with the greatest heroes since the beginning of the Viking race, but now wanted nothing more than to strike down the young hero.

"I have had enough," Loki said standing. "Thor has blessed heroes forever. But, now when one with power beyond measure arrives he wants to kill him."

"He has thrown the world out of balance." Thor said angrily.

"And what is wrong with that?" Loki asked. "If the world has such a strict way of order then why are we here? Where is the fun? The excitement?"

The gods had never thought of this. They lived for so long but they never lived.

"I know I am not one to talk," Loki said. "I have always been an advocate for chaos and trickery. But, here me. We cannot kill a human that is bound for such greatness. Even if it disturbs your precious order."

"Your words won't stop me from striking down the little worm." Thor said angrily.

"You cannot kill a hero who is blessed by a god." Loki replied.

It was true. No god could kill any human blessed by another.

"And who has blessed him?" Thor said addressing the crowd.

"Uh-hum." Loki raised his hand slightly. "That would be me. That's kind of why I made the point."

Thor laughed. "You? You have never blessed a hero."

"I have never found one worth it." Loki replied. "Until this one. He will be like no other."

Thor was seething. His brother and he had never gotten along. But this was different. Loki was doing something not just to spite him.

"Thor," Odin began. "You will not strike down your brother's champion. This is an order."

Thor begrudgingly accepted.

"I swear you will not be disappointed Father," Loki bowed.

Loki had tried in the past to overthrow his father and he had never been the ideal son. But, in this moment Loki wanted nothing more than to impress his father and earn his brother's respect.

And this kid would be just the way to do it.

## 24. Chapter 24

**\*\*One final long chapter. I liked the ending a lot. Nice father son**

moment. Ominous meetings. All in all I think this gives plenty of opportunities for more stories which I definately plan to write. There will be others that will be slower and focus more on the characters and relationships those will mostly be shorter. The longer ones will be more like this one. \*\*

\*\*Thank you all for such support for this story. Please if you really enjoy it spread the word. I don't do it for reviews but they make it a little more worht while to see that people actually enjoy the story.\*\*

\*\*Thank you again and please enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

## ><p>Chapter 24<p>

The Vikings took off and went right to their ship which stayed anchored where they left.

The sun was rising. The night had been one filled with terror and victory. The Vikings were exhausted and felt the consequences of their trial.

When they landed on the ship they set out to turn her toward Berk.

Strangely there was a wind that seemed to wish them safe return. The Vikings could rest and let the wind push them home.

Onska had followed them. Unwilling to leave the first beings whom had shown compassion to her. It was a bit of a squeeze but they made it work.

Hiccup settled on the bow and wrapped himself up in a blanket. Astrid walked over to him and joined. The cold still lingered in the air.

"So, let me get this straight," Astrid said. "We came all this way, killed two massive sea serpents, conquered an army and possibly sent a civilization into a downward spiral to free a dragon."

Hiccup nodded with an awkward smile on his face.

\_Please don't kill me.\_

Astrid shrugged. "Typical you,"

"Well, I mean there's more to..." Hiccup was cut off as Astrid embraced him in a long kiss.

The dragons had found their beds and were tired themselves. They were soon asleep.

Astrid and Hiccup sat in the same blanket on the bow of the ship and drifted off to sleep themselves wrapped in one another's arms.

Hiccup's dream

\_Hiccup walked through what seemed like clouds. But Hiccup had touched the clouds and they were soft and one could fall right through them.\_

\_But the ground he stood on was solid. He looked down at his feet.\_

\_He couldn't see anything other than the clouds supporting him.\_

\_Wait!\_

\_His feet! Both of his feet were there. No prothstetic. No metal. Just his old foot.\_

"\_This has to be a dream," Hiccup said. "Or I died in my sleep."\_

"\_No you're still quite alive Hiccup," Said a voice from nowhere.\_

"\_Who is that?" Hiccup said turning around a few times.\_

\_Hiccup scanned everything in sight. He gave up and stayed still. Then...\_

"\_Boo!" Loki said as he materialized right in front of Hiccup. Hiccup fell back and landed on his rear. "Oh you're so excitable Haddock."\_

"\_Who are you?" Hiccup asked while he still sat in shock. "And how do you know my name? And \_what \_are you doing in my dreams?"\_

"\_Who am I?" Loki repeated. "I'll give you a hint. Notorious trickster, son of a certain man with one eye, my brother throws those accursed lightning bolts."\_

"\_You're Loki." Hiccup said in awe as he tried to back away. Loki wasn't exactly a favorite god among Vikings.\_

"\_Ding-ding! Give this boy a prize!" Loki exclaimed jokingly. "Now as for how I know your name. I've been watching you for quite some time."\_

"\_Oh that's not creepy," Hiccup said sarcastically.\_

"\_See that!" Loki said. "That's why I like you! You have such a wonderful taste of humor, unlike the other knuckle draggers that inhabit that island of yours."\_

\_Hiccup just stared at the god.\_

"\_Now as for what I'm doing in your dreams." Loki continued. "Just tell you some news.\_

\_Hiccup finally rose. "What kind of news?" He asked.\_

"\_The good kind. And the bad kind." Loki replied simply.\_

"\_Of course," Hiccup said.\_

"\_First off I'll start with the bad news." Loki began. "The gods don't like you,"\_

"\_What?" Hiccup asked. "Why not?"\_

"\_You kind of... threw everything out of whack when you made peace with the dragons." Loki said. "It was never predicted. You did something even the gods thought would never happen. You defied destiny."\_

"\_So they hate me for it?" Hiccup asked.\_

"\_Did I \_say \_'hate'?" Loki said. "No, I said don't like only a few \_hate\_ you."\_

"\_Who hates me then?" Hiccup asked.\_

"\_Mostly my brother," Loki answered.\_

"\_Thor?" Hiccup asked. "The really powerful god who throws lightning bolts? In case you haven't noticed I kind of spend a lot of time in the air! Oh wait! Of course you know that! You've been creepily watching me for... I don't even know how long."\_

"\_Relax, Haddock." Loki said brushing the comment aside. "He can't harm you. I've blessed you as my champion." \_

\_Hiccup blankly stared at him.\_

"\_That's the good news," Loki said. "This is the part where you say: 'Oh thank you Lord Loki for helping to save my mortal ass!'"

\_

"\_It's not that I'm not grateful." Hiccup said. "But, why?"\_

"\_In good time," Loki replied. "Right now you need to get home and relax. I've convinced Njord to help you out on that. The weather will be comfortable and the winds at your back. He happens to like you. And that's good because between you and me Haddock... We're going to need all the friends we can get in Valhalla."\_

"\_I really don't like the sound of that last part."\_

"\_Too bad. It's time you back to your friends. Remember, Haddock. As my champion you can call on me for help in a quest. I can't guarantee success on my part but hey no one's perfect."\_

With Hiccup

Hiccup stirred. He woke from his strange dream. He moved carefully as to not wake Astrid whose head lay on his chest.

It was about midday and the others were beginning to wake as well.

Hiccup sat there looking around the boat.

They were still on course. The sky was clear and the wind was at their back. They might make it to Berk before dinner.

Hiccup looked up at the sky. The dream was too vivid to be some stress induced illusion. Hiccup had the strange feeling that Loki was indeed watching him. So were other eyes.

He decided that now would not be the best time to deal with any godly problems.

He gently nudged Astrid until she woke up.

"Good morning, Handsome." Astrid said smiling.

"More like good afternoon," Hiccup said.

"Whatever," Astrid said.

They shared a quick kiss and departed from the warmth and comfort of their blanket.

Ruffnut had cooked a piece of meat and it was given out for lunch.

"Geez, with this weather we'll make it home before the sun." Snotlout observed.

"You have no idea." Hiccup mumbled.

"What was that?" Snot asked.

"Oh... What? Me? I didn't say anything." Hiccup said to avoid talking about his strange dream.

"Alright, don't flip off the boat," Snot said.

Hiccup felt a little more at ease. But, Astrid saw his change in behavior. She was going to ask him what it was about but decided that if it was something important he would tell them.

"So how do you think everyone will feel when we bring back a legendary dragon?" Tuffnut asked.

"I'm hoping they'll be happy." Hiccup said. He made it sound like he was talking about the tribe but there was only one person that "they" was meant for.

Later

"I can see them," shouted a Viking running from the docks into town. "They're back," he said in excitement.

Everyone was overjoyed to hear Hiccup was back. Yes the war had stopped and the Vikings and dragons were friends but no one knew how to keep them under control like Hiccup did.

"He's early," Stoick said to himself as he walked toward the docks. He frowned "Must not have found it," He said sadly.

Gobber was next to Stoick. "Um... right. I'll meet you down there." Gobber said as he quickly limped back to his forge.

\_That's strange. I thought he'd want to see Hiccup as much as me.  
\_Stoick thought.

Stoick made his way down to the dock and watched as the boat sailed in. The sun was about ready to set.

The boat came into port. The dragons flew off ahead of it. Eager to see their children who had been cared for by some of the other Vikings and dragons. Only Toothless and Onska remained on board.

The Vikings disembarked. And trailing behind them was a massive blue dragon no one knew.

Stoick looked amazed.

"What... is that?" He asked. The whole village shared his curiosity.

"This is the famous wishing dragon." Hiccup replied. "I was going to try and stall a few days but I couldn't help myself."

"Stall for what?" Stoick asked.

"For your birthday Dad," Hiccup said. "You haven't ridden a dragon yet. So I figured I'd find one suitable."

Stoick was shocked. Hell the whole damn island was shocked.

"Why not just give me a Nightmare? Why go on some dangerous quest for some dragon that could or could not have been real?"

"A couple reasons really," Hiccup said. "First one, it's the only dragon I've heard of big enough to fly easily with some called Stoick the \_Vast\_ riding it."

The village laughed.

"Second," Hiccup continued. "It's the only dragon rumored to be Mom's favorite color."

There was a silence.

"And lastly," Hiccup concluded. "It's the only dragon you were willing to find and not kill."

Another silence.

Stoick had slain many dragons in his day. But, he had no delusions of slaying Onska. He only wished to get his wife back.

"And that's where I come in," Gobber said as he walked in on the scene carrying a massive saddle. "Hiccup and I have been working on it for weeks. Should be good to use on her."

Stoick felt so much pride for his son.

"So this is Onska?" Stoick said as he approached the dragon.

She let out a vicious growl and everyone backed away.

"Yes I would imagine you don't like that name," Stoick said. "How does Valhallarma sound?"

The dragon lightened. It had a ring to it.

Stoick then reached out and touched her snout. His hands may not be as soft as Hiccup's but they were certainly warm and held comfort in them.

They saddled her up. At first she seemed against it. But through Hiccup's expertise they were able to calm her down. Stoick eventually mounted.

Both seemed uncomfortable with the situation.

"You ready, Dad?" Hiccup asked.

"I think so," Stoick replied. "Are you sure I can do this?"

"Of course you can," Hiccup said confidently. "We're Vikings. This is a new occupational hazard."

With that the Vikings and their dragons took off into the sky.

Stoick and Valhallarama were a bit awkward but they managed to stay near Hiccup and his friends. Also in the air was Gobber and Bones.

In fact most of the village had joined in the flight.

Hiccup looked around. Not only at his friends and family but at the whole mass of Vikings among them.

At that moment he didn't care what the gods thought of him. What hardships lie ahead. How many challenges he would have to overcome.

He knew at that moment that as long as he had his friends, his family, and his people beside him... well then Odin himself should get nervous.

At the Great Hall

"Such a peculiar boy," Loki said to himself as he watched the Vikings take off on their new pets. He stood in front of the Great Hall overlooking most of the village.

"What are you doing here?" Said a voice from behind him.

Loki didn't bother to turn around. He knew who it was. "Is that how someone of your caliber would greet a god?"

"Only you," Said the Elder.

"Don't worry yourself old woman," Loki said. "I'm only keeping an eye on an investment."

"And what would that be?" The Elder asked walking up to stand beside the god.



"As if you need to ask," Loki said.

"I will not let you hurt him,"

"Relax. I'm not the one who wants him dead. If it weren't for me him and all his little friends would be dead."

"Why would you care?"

"Because, I'm going to need him. And he's going to need me. He should feel \_Loki\_ to have me."

The Elder stared back unamused.

"You people wouldn't know a joke if it bit onto your ass."

"So you have chosen him as your champion?"

"Yes. He will be like no other before him and none after. Plus that sense of humor is something I have never seen before in any Viking." Loki looked to the sun. "Well, I must be going now."

"Do not lie to yourself Trickster," The Elder said.

"And what I be lying about?" Loki asked.

"Why you want him," The Elder said.

Loki turned to look at the old woman.

"You can say it's because you need him for something, you can act like it's to anger your brother, and you can even say just because he makes you laugh but you know the real reason you want to protect him."

Loki raised an eyebrow.

"He's you. He's an outsider. Someone who is different. Someone with different ways of looking at things, of thinking, of... telling jokes. His cousin is in a way like your brother. Favored. Stoick like your own father is a powerful leader and even though he always intended for Hiccup to take his place as Chief he still lacked everything Stoick wanted from a son."

Loki was shocked that the old woman had made the correlation.

"Just don't tell my brother," Loki semi-asked. "He'll bug me for it for centuries."

"Very well," The Elder replied. "But, you must provide us with a plentiful amount of fish for the coming year."

Loki smiled. \_A very wise old woman.\_ "Very well. I think Njord still owes me a few more favors. I'll even make him do something about those pitiful crops. Just out of the kindness of my heart."

The Elder rolled her eyes.

Loki disappeared.

The Elder looked up to where her village was flying. "You have much more to change in this world Hiccup,"

The End

End  
file.